

THE AMERICAN

**LEGION**

MAGAZINE

AUGUST

1942

*Of the Troops  
and for the Troops*

**SO YOU'RE GOING TO JAPAN**

A Here's-How for Our Soldiers, Sailors and Marines



WITH SONS OF AMERICAN LEGION SUPPLEMENT

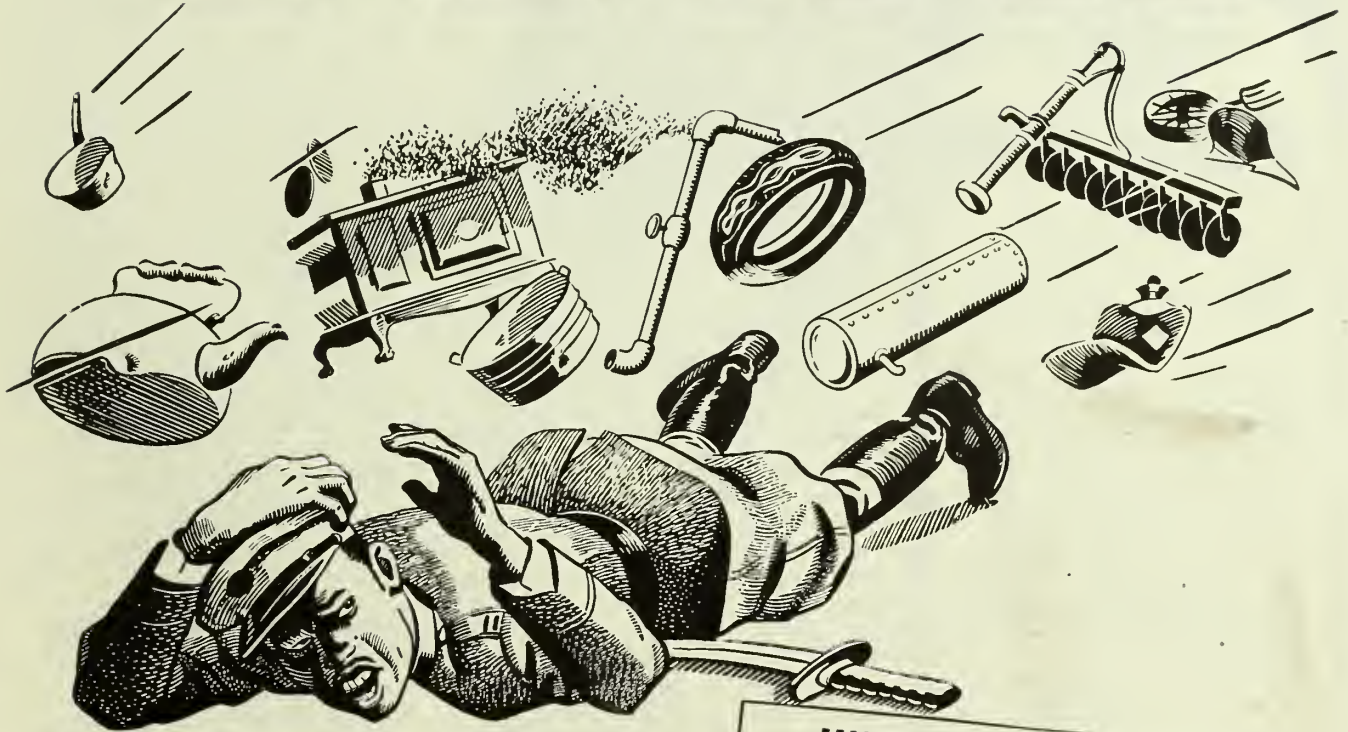
**IS READY TO MAIL!**



State \_\_\_\_\_



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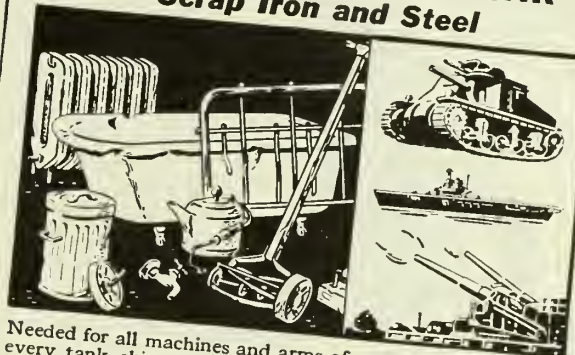
**Throw YOUR scrap into the fight!**

*This message approved by Conservation Division*

## WAR PRODUCTION BOARD

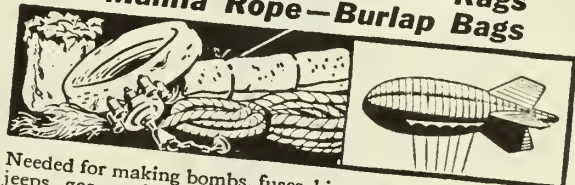
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### JUNK NEEDED FOR WAR Scrap Iron and Steel



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**WASTE COOKING FATS**—Strain into a large tin can and when you get a pound or more, sell to your meat dealer.

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**NOT NEEDED** (at this time)—Razor blades—glass.



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GRAND-DAD**

*Head of the  
Bourbon Family*

THERE'S a fragrance to Old Grand-Dad as tantalizing as a rare perfume, and a taste as gentle as Indian summer. Here indeed is liquid delight, which men have held so high in affection that this venerable whiskey has come by the title, Head of the Bourbon Family. One taste will tell you how well that title is deserved.

\*AMONG  
BOTTLED IN BOND  
KENTUCKY  
STRAIGHT BOURBON  
WHISKIES



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# THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

August, 1942

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EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES  
Indianapolis, Indiana

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES  
One Park Avenue, New York City

## The Message Center

COLONEL Edwin H. Randle of the 47th Infantry, Fort Bragg, North Carolina, appeals to us to get him some trumpets. Priorities prevent his band buying new instruments, and with all musical competitions at the national convention in Kansas City having been called off, maybe Legion bands will be able to help out the colonel. He'd like to buy or borrow the following: 20 G-D soprano or tenor trumpets and ten G-D baritone trumpets. Just write him at the address given if you can help out.

THE American Legion Magazine is privileged to reproduce as its cover for this issue a striking painting by Legionnaire Jes Schlaikjer which the War Department has prepared as a poster for general distribution.

The statement is often heard these days that the American Military Policeman of the present war is not the "head-cracking tough guy of the last war." It should be made plain that the head-cracking tough guy, except as an isolated case, never did exist. The new military policeman differs from his elder brother of World War number one chiefly in that he is receiving the benefit of training, the elemental principles of which were learned in the first war.

The Corps of Military Police has been organized early and designed to grow with the American Army and to meet its  
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**IMPORTANT:** A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 53.

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The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine



# BUILDING FOR VICTORY

on land . . on the sea . . and in the air!



*Whipping in the breeze on the flagstaff of one of Pontiac's armament plants, is the Navy "E" burgee, awarded January 20th last for outstanding production of anti-aircraft cannon. Since then, production of this much-needed weapon has tripled and now is seven months ahead of schedule. . . .*

*And we have assumed additional war assignments, including aerial [redacted], [redacted] automatic field guns, inner assemblies for heavy-duty [redacted] engines, tank unit assemblies and vital transport mechanisms. All these armaments for victory on land, on the sea and in the air are being produced for America's fighting men on schedule or ahead of schedule!*

THIS IS another of Pontiac's reports to the American people on its Arms Production Program.

Long before Pearl Harbor, Pontiac applied its engineering and manufacturing resources to the task of producing weapons for our armed forces in the quantities they desired from us *on schedule or ahead of schedule.*

We think you will find this report of interest. Because, whether our gallant fighting men meet the enemy on land, on the waters of the earth or in the skies above, we are straining every effort to produce Pontiac-built material for them in ever-increasing volume.

*On the Sea*—As of the day this is written, Pontiac has

shipped [redacted] rapid-fire anti-aircraft cannon to the Navy, exceeding the contractual requirement for the period by no less than [redacted] cannon. In addition, production of inner assemblies for heavy-duty [redacted] engines has been doubled within 90 days.

*In the Air*—An "on schedule" rate of tooling in a brand-new plant is being maintained toward the goal of volume production of aerial [redacted]—probably the most complicated and deadly offensive weapon ever devised. With volume production attained, this Pontiac plant is scheduled to produce [redacted] aerial [redacted] a day.

*And on Land*—The [redacted] automatic field gun, adopted by the Army as its defense against the new low bombing and ground strafing technique is scheduled for production at a rate of [redacted] a month with deliveries to begin on or before [redacted]. Also [redacted] for military vehicles are being produced at a rate of [redacted] a month and tank unit assemblies are in volume production as you read this.

Because time and teamwork are essential factors for victory in the War of Survival, several of these assignments have been accepted by Pontiac on a sub-contracting basis. They are receiving the same "all-out" attention as our prime contracts and are also "as scheduled or ahead of schedule."

Thus, Pontiac has many tasks but just one goal:

To do everything in our power to provide American fighting men with more and better weapons for use in their struggle for victory on land, on the sea and in the air.



*Seeking to cooperate fully in the war effort, Pontiac has voluntarily censored this advertisement.*

**PONTIAC**  DIVISION OF

**GENERAL MOTORS**



**Y**OU, soldier, sailor and leather-neck in Uncle Sam's uniform, have a date with destiny on the main street of Tokyo. Up to the time you watch the race which Bill Pause depicts in the large cartoon on this page, that street on which the rickshaws, drawn by Jap generals, are coursing, will be known as the Ginza. But if we know you fellows, within half an hour of the time you take over, signs will go up proclaiming it to be Doolittle Avenue. The Japs remember Jimmy and his boys.

When you get ashore you'll want to understand something of the language that the conquered Nipponese use. If you don't know it how are you going to have them step lively, get out of the way, carry your gun or police up when you've thrown your cigarette butts and what-have-you on the steps of the city hall?

Early in June Chester A. Gile of Minneapolis sent us a manuscript which gave a phonetic representation of the language the Japanese use in some of their everyday dealings with one another. It occurred to us that the only language an American would want to try out on a Jap would be the tough kind a mule-skinner uses in dealing with a jughead. But we get out a family magazine, and besides the Japs have only one word of profanity, (elsewhere on this page we let you in on it.) Anyway, we sent Mr. Gile a list of expressions Americans in uniform might be wanting to use when they got to Yokohama or Tokyo.

Mr. Gile in due course sent some of



*Note: The Japs don't use hard-boiled expressions in their language. And they have only one swear word, bakka, which runs the gamut from You damn fool up and down the line. You can't talk about the emperor, one Hirohito, or the empress, but if you say Charlie and Emma genki? they will understand that you want the answer to this: How are the Emperor and Empress feeling today? As if anybody cares! Here are some of the things our boys might start learning:*

When do we eat? . . . . . Tabaru nan gee deska?  
 Take me to the war office . . . . . Sombo hombu wah.  
 Take me to the telephone exchange . . . . . Chew oh denwa key yo ku.  
 Where is the hotel? . . . . . Ho-tai-ru wa doko deska?  
 Hurry up . . . . . Hiyaku.  
 Go slow . . . . . Sorrow sorrow.  
 Take me to the custom house . . . . . Za Zay kan wa doko deska.  
 Where do we eat? . . . . . Ree yor ree ya doko deska?  
 Take me to the river . . . . . How wa doko deska.  
 You are too slow . . . . . Anahta wa amri no roy.  
 I have no money . . . . . Connie wah eema motay e mah sen.  
 Put that in writing . . . . . Cho toe ki ee tay koo da say.  
 Hat . . . . . Bo-shee.  
 Coat . . . . . Guy-toe.  
 Shoes . . . . . Koot-sue.  
 Clothes . . . . . Yo-fu-ku.  
 Be on time . . . . . Gee kahn dori ni.  
 Wait a minute . . . . . Choto mati ku da sai.  
 Forget it . . . . . Scatter ga nigh.  
 Turn out the light . . . . . Denki kesh-tay.  
 Dog . . . . . Enu.  
 Cat . . . . . Necco.  
 Horse . . . . . Uma.  
 Bird . . . . . Cotori.



"I'm taking over your bed, Togo, and you and your family are out"

# So YOU'RE GOING TO Japan





"Get along there! Faster! Faster!"

the words on our list back to us in Jap phonetics, and to check on its accuracy we sent the script to Lawrence G. Blochman of the Office of War Information. Mr. Blochman told us that while Mr. Gile's phonetics were pretty good they needed some changes and that something should be done about explaining to our boys in uniform the Jap soldier's fundamental ways of thinking. He suggested that the best person available for that job was Marjorie Young, wife of James R. Young, the International News Service Correspondent the Japs imprisoned for sixty-one days because he wouldn't "play ball" with the Japanese army in its press campaign.

So we got in touch with Mrs. Young. She said it was all too true that our soldiers, once they had landed and had the situation in hand (oh, yes, with the help of the Marines and of the Navy) would have to remember that the Japs are indeed a funny race. While it would be all right to tell a German or an Italian that he'd be drilled with a bullet if he didn't obey you, it wouldn't work with a Jap, who figures that being killed that way is the surest way for him to get a grand welcome in heaven from his "honorable" ancestors. The way to deal with a Jap, Mrs. Young went on, was to degrade him before others by making him perform unwillingly some very menial task. Once handled in that manner, the

Jap would never have the effrontery to claim that he was anybody a-tall.

It was there that Bill Pause came into the picture, so to say. Shortly after the bombing of Tokyo by Doolittle & Co., it will be remembered, President Roosevelt told a young woman who wanted to know where the bombers came from that they had been based on Shangri-La. He let it go at that, but the Nazis and the Japs got busy and looked for Shangri-La through all the atlases they could dig up. Actually, of course, Shangri-La was born in the fertile brain of James Hilton and made its bow in his "Lost Horizon." Bill Pause made a drawing of various fictitious places mentioned in the literature of all ages, all with very proper boundaries, and placed Shangri-La smack in the center. It was such a delicious morsel that Bill's bosses on the New York *World-Telegram* put it on page one of their paper, where it was greeted with grins, chuckles, guffaws and belly-laughs. The original of that drawing is now a prized possession of the President of the United States, but you may see a reproduction of it on page 51.

So we asked Bill to illustrate whatever we might want to use of the Jap phonetics. The result you may see herewith.

Every one of Bill's pictures will cause those so-screwy Japs to bite nails, if they  
(Continued on page 50)



"I said city hall, big boy. Git goin'!"



"When we've finished our steak, Moto, you can have the leavings"



"Oh boy, if Betty Smith could see me now!"



"Hey, Toyama, you'll look swell doin' that at Broadway and 42nd"



**T**HAT hard glinting wall of bayonets grimly promised that the American could not escape alive; it was just a matter of time, of starving him out of his hole.

The tall, lean-faced and snappish-eyed young man had been swallowed, somehow, in the little village of Lille. For twenty-four hours a day the search pressed hard. German soldiers and Gestapo agents in plain clothes are a hard-headed lot, and do not easily admit defeat in a village filled with tottering old men and women with suckling babies cradled beneath their black shawls. Around the town the beautiful forest was made unsightly by a solid ring of bayonets, and booted feet ravished the dew-fresh pods of wild flowers that speckled the friendly terrain.

It took place on the night that the big

explosion at the power plant a mile out of town wrecked all the machinery. The foraging group of American Commandos had escaped save the one they had shot through the leg. It was daylight next morning before the drops of blood, and the signs of a dragging foot, could be traced into town, and the search localized.

Brawny German patrols rubbed their hands briskly. They had shivered down inside, where it wouldn't show, when first news of arriving Americans broke; but they had one at their mercy. The Yankee pig could not now escape occu-

pied France; he was trapped by the element of time and the cruelty of precision. At best, he faced starvation. Because the colonel with the stiff Prussian face, who had arrived to assume personal charge of the hunt, had devised a very clever plan. It was as cold as the gray channel water lapping against the bloody shores of Dunkerque.

It loaded Mamma Chibout's already burdened shoulders with worry.

The first four days of the search were ceaseless hours of terror. Heavy-booted men examined every niche in town, leaving their prints in the forgotten dust of

## MAMMA CHIBOUT'S

The silent wince of pain from M'sieur Yank, and the labored breathing of Mamma Chibout





garrets and on the damp sod floors of cellars. Steel-hooded faces drew stark pictures against lamp-lighted window panes. There was dull apprehension in every true Frenchman's heart, but there was silence on his lips, where it counted.

The people of Lille tried not to pause in their daily routine of life. They dared not stand and whisper because, as Mamma Chibout had often cautioned, the walls have ears. And if anyone should know, it was the old wrinkled woman, because she remembered 1915, 1917,

1918. . . . And now again those dreaded Boches. . . .

The fact that M'sieur Yank was in hiding—though you might say in tissue paper—caused a hard silence to undermine the pleasant smiles and nods when the sun would burst upon the morning and greetings of the day were in order.

There would be threats—aye—and perhaps some of the old men would be beaten. But there would be silence, above all, and the lean-faced American, who had braved death to rescue fallen France, would not be found.

He would not be found alive, hissed the stiff Prussian face. . . .

After the initial search, when the yellow placards were pasted all over town, villagers of Lille obligingly paused to read of the hundred

thousand-franc reward for information that would lead to M'sieur Yank's apprehension. They read, but none claimed the reward, though more than a hundred might have done so.

"M'sieur Yank saved us in 1917," they said, low. "He has returned—we will save him this time." And it made them feel good, saying that in the darkness; it filled their hearts with something rich and buoyant and responsive. The coming of the khaki-clad daredevils had been a dream. . . .

"It is useless for the German goats to offer us money," Mamma Chibout quietly confided to a next-door neighbor, Marie Cadet. "If for nothing else, the sake of your baby. And anyway . . ." Silence was the way of all Frenchmen to imply "there will always be a France . . ." Marie nodded.

Everywhere in town were the yellow posters, but none read them twice. Once, only, to oblige. You must oblige to live. And you live only to listen to that voice of hope that trickles across the Atlantic waters. You have lived through terror, and threats become only the promise of more terror, more scars, therefore the effect is not strong, but weak. The clinging hope of a future mocks fear. Today you nod to your neighbor, tomorrow you may help bury him; but the next day der Führer might be buried. That is hope. . . .

**M**AMMA CHIBOUT was an old woman. She had an inoffensive way of smiling beneath her white frilled

Illustrations by  
**CHARLES  
LA SALLE**



**Heavy-booted men  
examined every  
niche in town**

cap, smiling and shrugging her thin shoulders. "One must work with a far vision for inspiration," her lean lips said again and again. Because Mamma Chibout remembered when masses of M'sieur Yanks raced down gangplanks of many huge ships more than twenty years ago. And soon after that the church bells were again ringing. . . . As old as she was, Mamma Chibout hadn't much else to do but remember.

It was her age, now, that counted. She evoked no glances of particular suspicion from the machine eyes of the guards. And the last great war had taught the old woman that one's stomach can endure far greater hardships than the mind. That is why the old woman could share without suffering her meagre ration of black bread and potatoes with the American. For it was Mamma Chibout who was hiding M'sieur Yank.

The night that the explosion had trembled every sliver of her house, Mamma Chibout had devoutly crossed herself and muttered, "That the brave men escape. . . ."

Last week it was a train wreck; the week before a German munitions dump had thrown a weird, thundering sheet of white flame skyward. This week the

(Continued on page 39)

*Yank*



*By*

**H. FREDRIC  
YOUNG**



# OUR THIRD FRONT

In destroying the German and Jap gangsters we must make certain the collectivists don't take us over

Cartoons by  
JOHN CASSEL



**S**UPPOSE someone turned to you at luncheon tomorrow and said that the real purpose of this war—the reason we are in it and the reason we must win—is to get rid of our present political and business system.

Or let me state the case as it was put up to me a few weeks ago.

I was lunching with six or eight men who are interested in and rather unusually well informed on current events—writers, teachers and lecturers. Discussion naturally turned to the war. We rehashed its origin, how serious its outcome is to our future, how we are getting along, where the weak spots appear to be, whether there is a possibility of its being a short war, and all the other questions that arise in such a free-for-all conversation among persons whose job it is to

*By* RALPH ROBEY

have opinions that they are willing to express and defend in public.

Finally, one of the men—a distinguished scholar whose books you may well have read—turned to me in answer to some rather offhand comment I had made and said:

"Robey, you don't really believe, do you, that we are fighting this war to save 'the American way of life'?"

What would your answer be to such a question?

Mine was that I knew damn well that is what the American public thinks it's fighting for—and I spelled it out with as much vigor as I could command. Then

I asked him what he thought we were fighting for.

His answer was, it seemed to me, one of the most shocking things I have ever heard from a responsible person.

He started out by explaining that there is no question whatever as to our traditional and present system of government and business being gone forever—that we are moving something basically different during the war and that the old system just doesn't have a chance of being re-established at the end of the war. In place of that we will have a system which may best be termed "American fascism."

Paying lip service to President Roosevelt and the cause of the United Nations, extreme radicals in the U.S.A. are using the war effort as a screen to their efforts to make a collectivist system of government here inevitable, once the war is won. We asked Dr. Robey, Columbia University economist and writer on current events, to analyze for Legionnaires this under-cover effort to kill the constitutional democracy under which this country has grown great



"We are fighting the war, therefore," he said, "not to determine what kind of system we are going to have in the future—we already know that—but to determine whether our particular brand of



fascism will be run by ourselves or by Germany."

That was his first point. He then went ahead: "Now it is certain that we will win the war. That is only a matter of time. We may be sure, thus, that the control of our political and economic system will remain in our own hands. But that is only half the story—half the fight that we have in front of us. The other half is the fight to decide who—what class among us—is going to come out on top—whether our government and economic system is to continue to be run by big business or along 'democratic lines'—and by 'democratic lines' he made clear that he meant having everything decided by Washington—wages, prices, production, everything.

"If that is all true," I interrupted, "what of the so-called Atlantic Charter which was drawn up by President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill last summer? That was a pledge of liberalism in the old sense of the term—just the opposite of what you have outlined."

"Oh, that," he replied, "was a hundred percent fraud. You mustn't pay any at-

tention to it in thinking of the future. It was just so much intellectual pap, such as has to be put out from time to time to keep the public satisfied."

That conversation, as I say, was some weeks ago. Since then I have spent a good bit of time comparing ideas with friends and studying developments for the purpose of enabling me to make up my mind as to whether there is any possible basis for taking the ideas of this person seriously. Necessarily one can never have more than an opinion on such a question—or at least not until it is too late to do anything about it—but I have come to the definite conviction that such views do need to be taken seriously—that, as one of my friends frankly states it, "something is going on in this country that goes far beyond just trying to lick the Nazis and the Japs."

To put the case bluntly: We have a battle front in Europe; we have a battle front in the Far East; and we have a battle front right here at home. It is our third front and it is no less a war, and no less a threat to our future, than those in Europe and the Far East.

Can I cite evidence that this is true—that there is this third front within our own borders? Yes, I can cite evidence. And what is more important, so can you, if you will think for a moment. All you need is the broad pattern.

Before turning to that, however, I want to emphasize one thing. This is that I do not believe that there is a "plan" which has been consciously developed for the destruction of our economic and political system—that there is a group, either in or out of Washington, which is working together as a unit with a view to bringing about such a change. In other words, I am not talking about some "plot," but simply about a state of mind and a trend of developments.

Necessarily this state of mind and this trend of developments are the work of individuals. In many instances, too, these individuals are working with the deliberate purpose of bringing about a fundamental change in our economic and political system. But they are working as individuals, not as members of an organized group.

Further, many other persons—by far the majority, I should think—who are directly involved in furthering this state of mind and this trend of developments, are as loyal and patriotic as anyone in the country. They are merely trying to get a job done and because of their concentration on this they fail to see the picture as a whole—they fail to see how their actions fit into the general pattern. In consequence, they do not realize that they are making a substantial contribution toward an end with which they are

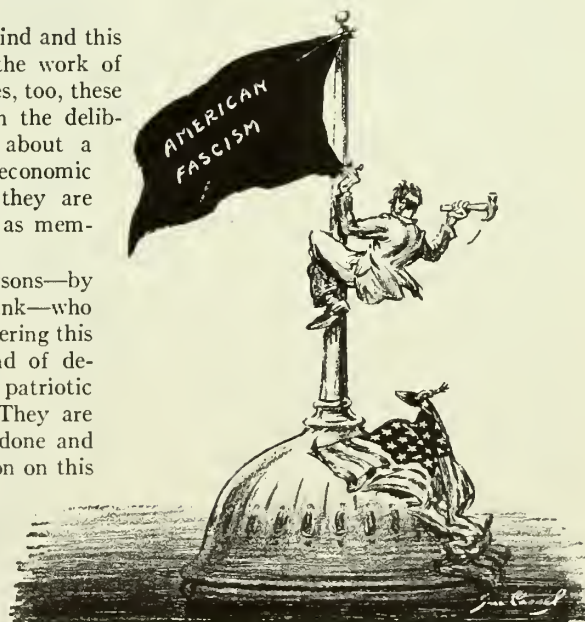
in complete disagreement—that they are playing right into the hands of those who are primarily interested in bringing our present economic and political system to an end.

So much for that side of the picture. Let us now look at the broad pattern. As I see it, five elements are involved. These are as follows:

1—A constant and ever-lasting reaching for power by Washington. Now obviously, in order to conduct the war effort successfully Washington needs far more power than in peace times. But that is not the kind of concentration of power that I am talking about. I mean the reaching for power that goes clear beyond that need. Let me put it in the form of a question: Do you think the guiding principle in Washington is to impose just as few restrictions upon business and upon us as individuals as possible, or do you think the guiding principle is to bring the economic system under as complete control as possible? I think that it is the latter—and I think the record supports my conclusion.

2—Withhold all information possible about what is being accomplished by our present economic system in the way of production. Again, much of this is necessary in the interest of the war effort. But again, much more is being done in this direction than is required by any possible logical interpretation of "giving aid and comfort to the enemy." Do you think it would be a comfort to Hitler to know we can turn out a bomber in a little more than an hour? I should think the only persons who could get comfort out of such a fact as that is the American public and our Allies. But long after this schedule was in operation the American people were unaware of it. And the same is true of many other industrial miracles.

(Continued on page 44)



They'll try to put across totalitarianism here after we've achieved victory



# NOT ALWAYS IN UNIFORM, *But*

Sketches by  
I. B. HAZELTON



We know enemy agents are reaching our shores in rubber boats

**A** SECRET service should be secret."

That maxim of war has been observed from time immemorial. But this war has been hell on immemorial maxims. In this public-relations-conscious year 1942, the ancient secrecy is largely out—even from "secret" service.

Wherefore the announcement has lately been authorized, that the Army has what used to be called a "secret service," now termed the Counter-Intelligence Corps. That is news to most Americans, even Legionnaires, who have heard only of the excellent F. B. I., which is as secret as a swing band on a nation-wide hookup.

The Army's C. I. C. now ceases to be a secret corps in the old sense, which meant that its very existence, certainly its methods, were secret. Nevertheless, it is trained in the tricks and ruses of spy-hunting, from shadowing, through secret inks, even to lie-detectors. It is catching numerous foreign agents, saboteurs and propagandists who are working against our rapidly growing Army, and some disloyal soldiers and government employes. Wherever they are, in camp or field, there is the C. I. C.

Those facts can be told—but not the identity of its undercover agents. That remains deeply secret, for obvious rea-

sons, and because they are in danger enough already, more danger than any troops save those actually fighting. During the bombings of Pearl Harbor and Manila they were out rounding up long-spotted Japanese agents. They were in the foxholes of Bataan. In Northern Ireland they are crossing up the anti-De Valera I. R. A. propagandists trying to weaken morale in our new A. E. F. And when American troops land in France, among the first will be the unrecognized men of the C. I. C. They are a frontline Corps and risk bomb and bullet as well as a knife in the back.

An operative searching for saboteurs on an army construction job saw a shadow whizzing toward him, turned, and ducked a heavy Stillson wrench dropped from above. "Thank God the sun was shining!" he exclaimed. But he had been spotted, so was replaced by three other men. They got the saboteur. The C. I. C. is like that—dangerous but thorough.

Its cases range from sinister to ridiculous. It detects fake heroes, including one 24-year-old private who wore the "Purple Heart," and a "General" who rode War Department cars around Washington. The C. I. C. may spend weary hours in a flat eavesdropping on low jokes in Low German; or tense moments in a Brooklyn jail watching a miserable pro-Nazi crumble and confess he had

By  
**THOMAS M.  
JOHNSON**

set a fire on an army pier. He was not German, Jap or Italian but "American" and there are all too many like him, which helps explain why the C. I. C. needs coöperation from the patriotic majority, especially Legionnaires.

Spy hunting is different today from what it was in 1918. In our war, the spies and subverts were German, plus some Hungarians, a few Irish who adhered to the Jeremiah O'Leary formula of hating England more than Germany, and communists. Native Americans were more than 99 percent loyal, and naturalized Americans almost 99 percent. The A. E. F. had its Corps of Intelligence Police, which was secret in the old-time sense—but it was far smaller than its 1942 successor, the C. I. C. And it had an easier time.

Only twelve members of the A. E. F. were shipped home for disloyalty, only 79 civilians interned, 102 expelled from that large area, the S. O. S., in nearly two years; only 26 enemy agents were encountered. Now, although the Army has no such group as the I. P., about



that many are turned up in this country on some single days, including many trained professional agents. Then the few German spies here under the famous Von Papen were mostly amateurs and could be detected by their accents or their names like Hasenpfeffer. Today there are myriad subversive organizations with democratic labels, and leaders named Smith and Pelley. The years since 1918, first of jazz, then of depression, have hardened some Americans in a mold that only greater hardness can crack.

It takes men who are tough under stress, physical and moral. The C. I. C. wants no softies—not nice boys, just well-educated—but men who can stand long hours, danger, violence. "The enemy," applicants are told, "does not recognize 'pull' as a substitute for guts and ability. Neither do we." The Corps prefers experienced investigators—district attorneys, police, detectives, but not divorce-framers. Still it includes former actors, ballplayers, embalmers, even a seismograph operator. One operative speaks thirteen languages; many speak two. They comprise all colors, creeds and ages. But there is no back door, and civilians can't just walk in at the front. A candidate must enter the Army as an enlisted man, get the physical and moral hardening of its thirteen weeks' basic training in camp, be investigated "from first tooth to latest filling." Is his record for loyalty clear? Can he carry out a difficult assignment in dive or drawing room, keep his head, get his man?

The C. I. C. is the most highly selective of all army units. Nine out of ten of its applicants can't stand the gaff. And those who can are on their way to a valuable, highly-confidential service, but not to riches. Their pay in the field is \$78 a month plus the usual "board'n keep;" or in cities may with allowances equal \$150 to \$200 a month. The C. I. C. operative is a sergeant, but may seldom wear chevrons. When he joins the "Legion that never was 'listed,'" his record goes blank. In actual fact, he goes to a secluded school that trains him in the versatile art of being a secret agent. He learns pistol marksmanship and judo; how to fingerprint and how to "tail"—all the tricks of spy and saboteur, but "there isn't a false whisker in the place." This secret corps are not pulp paper nor celluloid, but all wool.

They are trained to take care of themselves in circumstances as perilous as faced the A. E. F.'s I. P. They are told how its operatives countered enemy spies, penetrated Germany, and brought back information; how Sergeant Peter De Pasqua worked into a Spanish saboteur gang at Selles-sur-Cher, swore a blood-oath, "Death to the Americans!"



**Note to HER: "Don't ask HIM"**

Once chosen, a C. I. C. is a sergeant, although you might not guess it from his appearance. He may wear uniform or civilian clothes. Although he does not go in for movie disguises, he may look like rich man, poor man, beggar man, perhaps even thief. One favors white tie and tails, for night clubs are his beat; another former socialite is "having wonderful time" as a species of shoplifter; head of one detachment is a former detective officer famed for "breaking" a



**Just in time to duck away from it**

sensational murder case. They are the pick of the Army, chosen for guts and brains plus imagination, but dominated by dogged determination. They are rare birds, part hawk, part woodpecker.

One secret of secret service that can now be revealed is that it's not what it's cracked up to be; all dramatic intrigues, picturesque disguises, and beautiful women spies. Mostly, it's details and drudgery; asking questions, keeping vigils, watching, waiting, "looking dumb," as one C. I. C. man said. Many a successful spy-hunter follows a formula no more involved than this: "I asked myself what I'd have done if I'd been the guy—and I did—and he had."

But often, too, he hasn't. Many spy investigations end in a blank wall. Yet the spy-hunter can't be a Humpty-Dumpty. He must jump up enthusiastic for the next case. Spy-catching is not like bull-fighting, all color and action, but like working out a jigsaw puzzle, patiently fitting bits of information into the right places, until lo! there appears the whole picture of the enemy's effort and better, of the organization, the men, the women, and the means whereby he is making that effort. This is hard, for his agents are many, professionals and amateurs, usually unknown to one another, Germans, Italians, Japanese, and some of their slave-races—Rumanians, Ukrainians, Hungarians, Spaniards, Croats—and crack-pot American Fascists, and plain crooks and racketeers with their hands out.

Some of them are in the Army, some on its fringes. Wherever they are, it takes several thousand C. I. C.'s—the number is growing steadily—to keep tabs on them. The work piles up—fifteen or twenty cases to a man—and gets heavier rather than lighter as the Army increases in numbers.

On the fringes are civilian employees in offices, forts and other army reservations, and factories working for the Army. Recently, several thousand of these were under investigation for loyalty. Luckily, the C. I. C. need not worry about crime and immorality, which concern the Military Police under the Provost Marshal General. The M. P. has its own crime detective force, just as the A. E. F. had the D. C. I. whose true tales were made famous by Karl Detzer in this magazine. The C. I. C. checks civilian employees through a system of questionnaires and passes and photographs. Even office waste-baskets are watched against the old spy trick of bribing charwomen to deliver their contents. Another spy-trick is to get employees into their clutches through loan sharks. These dangers are especially great in Washington.

There the C. I. C. has coöperated  
(Continued on page 37)





# AN ISLAND'S A *Cinch* TO HOLD

**A** YEAR ago, when he'd first come to his tiny South Sea island, Roger Wembly had felled the palm tree. For a man who was an artist, and not a tree-cutter, it had been a good job. The tree now leaned against the huge rusting warehouse, and the notches in the tree made it a perfect ladder.

Today, easel and paints under an arm, binoculars dangling from his neck, Roger Wembly once again, with nervous anxiety, made his way up the tree onto the roof of the old tin warehouse.

Roger Wembly was worried. Already the freighter was two weeks overdue. Always, before, it had arrived precisely on time, once each month out of Manila on its way South to Cebu and then on to Australia. Always, before, the freighter stopped, and Captain Peters, with a

few seamen, rowed to the little island and deposited Roger's monthly cargo. Canned food. Periodicals. Gossip. Painting supplies.

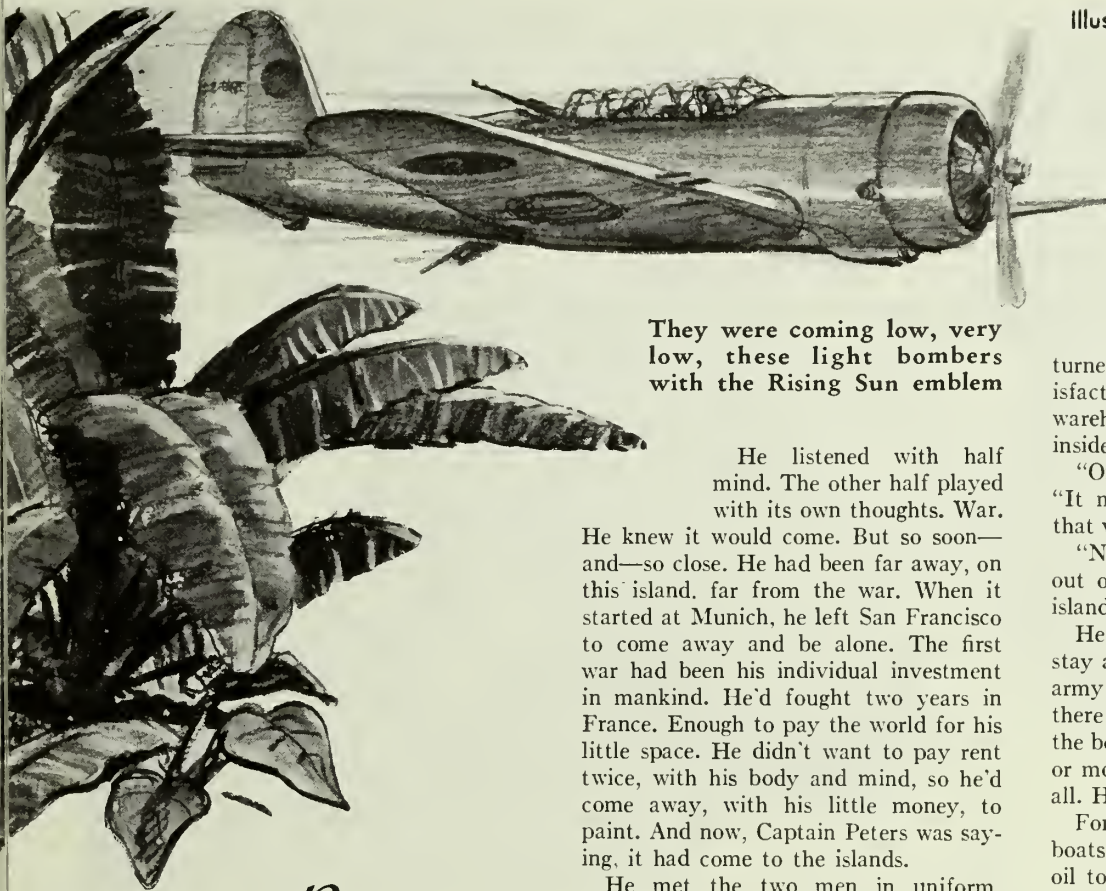
Today, however, was a crisis. Food low. Very low. Painting equipment low. Roger wondered, as he set down his easel and paints, what would happen if the boat didn't . . . He looked down and about, at his tiny island.

It was a lush little island, one of a million scattered among the hot Philippines, but it wasn't larger than an eighteen hole golf course, with no other humans and no wild life. There were berries, of course, and fresh water—

"I wish they still kept things in this warehouse," Roger said aloud. He made

it a policy to talk aloud as often as possible each day. It was a good thing to do, especially when you were alone so much. When he'd first found the island, in his travels through the East, he





**They were coming low, very low, these light bombers with the Rising Sun emblem**

## By IRVING WALLACE

learned it had been used by trading schooners as a storehouse. Thus, the tremendous warehouse, sitting like an out-sized matchbox on a little plate.

Roger Wembly took up his binoculars and looked to the Northeast. He saw it on the first look. Just like that. The boat. It was plowing along toward the island.

"Captain Peters!" he exclaimed. "My cargo!" he shrieked.

He put down his glasses, and stood, tingling. Twenty years peeled off him from that moment. He felt like sixteen.

He riveted the glasses to his eyes again. It was the boat, all right. Growing fatter in the glasses.

Quickly, he covered his easel and paints with a piece of canvas, then hurried down the palm, kicked off his dirty sneakers, and ran along the vast expanse of hard white sand to the beach.

Presently, the freighter put to anchor. Soon they were rowing toward him. He squinted through the glasses. Captain Peters. Two seamen, bareback, pulling. And two others, in uniform. He stood puzzled. Then strode up the beach, humming happily, but puzzled.

He went into the water to help them in. And then Captain Peters, in stumbling words, was telling him. The Japs. The dirty Japs. Pearl Harbor. Luzon. Wake. The dirty Japs.

He listened with half mind. The other half played with its own thoughts. War. He knew it would come. But so soon—and—so close. He had been far away, on this island, far from the war. When it started at Munich, he left San Francisco to come away and be alone. The first war had been his individual investment in mankind. He'd fought two years in France. Enough to pay the world for his little space. He didn't want to pay rent twice, with his body and mind, so he'd come away, with his little money, to paint. And now, Captain Peters was saying, it had come to the islands.

He met the two men in uniform. United States army officers from Manila. Already they were leaving him and walking toward the warehouse.

Captain Peters, talking. "I told them about this island. The Japs would never even see it. Such a small island. And the warehouse—"

"The warehouse?"

Captain Peters, talking. "The Army needs a place like this—hundreds and hundreds of gallons of gasoline and oil we have on board . . . They want to store the gasoline and oil . . . American planes are already basing in Australia, Roger, and the Army needs a little island, a filling station, to tuck stuff away . . . The Philippines are going to the Japs—and the Army needs a hideaway, a filling station nearby, for its bombers, when they come from Australia against the Japs, and need fuel to return home—"

"Where are my supplies?" asked Roger.

"Why—you're coming with us—to Australia," said Captain Peters.

"No." Roger Wembly's decision was positive. "I've got to think. I need time. I can't just—just get up and leave."

"But there may be no more boats. I'm heading for Australia—"

Roger Wembly interrupted. "You said American bombers may come here. I'll stay with the warehouse, and I'll paint, and think. When the bombers come, maybe they'll take me back."

The two army men returned, clucking their tongues with satisfaction. They thought it was a swell warehouse. Good tin. Only mildly warm inside.

"Only thing," said one army officer. "It must stick out like a sore thumb, that warehouse. The Japs might spot it."

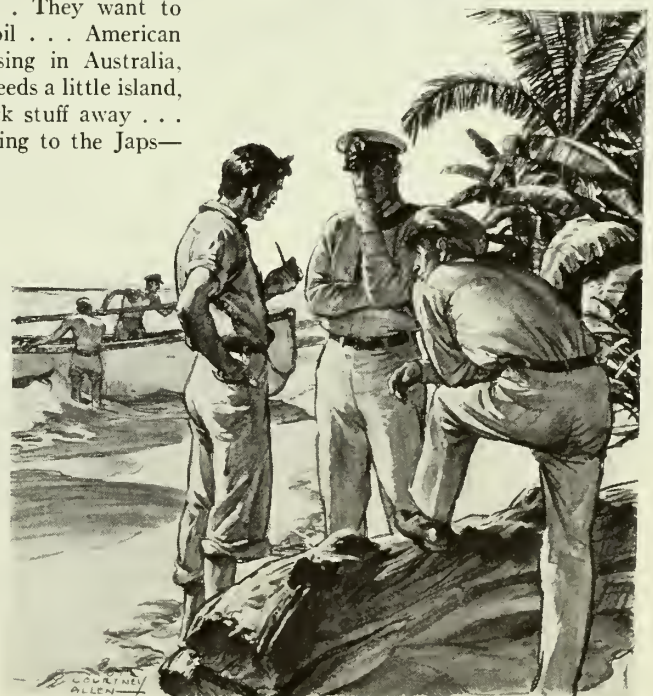
"No," answered Roger. "This island is out of the way. They'll never find this island."

He told them, then, that he'd like to stay and go back with the bombers. The army men looked at him queerly, and there was a big discussion, and they said the bombers might not come for a month or more, and maybe, might not come at all. He said he'd risk it.

For three hours after, the freighter's boats carried mighty tins of gasoline and oil to the shore, and then Roger helped the ship's men carry the fuel into the dark innards of the warehouse. Later, after this was done, Captain Peters delivered Roger a boatload of food, and also his painting supplies. "I brought the painting stuff, Roger. Thought you'd want it on the boat to Australia."

Before sundown, they left. The freighter left. Roger Wembly was alone again.

*(Continued on page 48)*



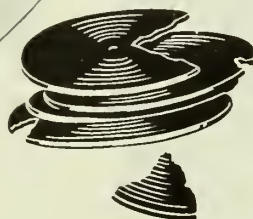
**No, he told the officers. He just couldn't get up and leave**





# WE'RE Smashing Records

Fighting men of the United Nations like their music, just as you did back then. And isn't that humming sailor's facial expression a honey?



By

KATE SMITH

or worn out or just old—it adds to the pile of scrap we're salvaging, so that we can raise at least \$500,000 to obtain new records and phonographs players for the men of the armed service. And when I say *new* records, I mean a con-

tinuous series of new releases going out to the boys at regular intervals for the duration.

To raise the money necessary to keep these records going out to the boys, we need 37,500,000 old records. That's not many, especially when you and I know what music means to men in the camps, forts, hospitals, ships and marine bases. You can turn them in to your Post or to collection agencies whose whereabouts will be announced by your local newspaper. You know because you're veteran fighting men. You remember how the most inspiring songs born during the last war swept the world, and inspired you to new efforts, new courage, and new achievement. For my part, I know what music means to fighting men, because I've been in various camps with other artists and have been seeing the heartening response of the men to good entertainment. And



Cartoons by SAM BERMAN

HELLO, everybody:

By the time this issue of the Legion Magazine reaches you, you will have been working with us on Records For Our Fighting Men for some time. The formal dates for the nation-wide campaign are July 17th to August 2d. I don't have to tell you how exhilarating it is to be marching arm-in-arm with the Legion and the Legion Auxiliary in this campaign to provide the best in recorded music for our boys in all the training camps and bases and battle stations of the world.

You know, of course, that you've taken on a hard job. It's not easy to go from door to door picking up old phonograph records. But it is surely worth the effort. For every time you collect an old record—it makes no difference whether it's cracked or broken



Scour the attic, ransack the clothes closet and the music cabinet for old phonograph records and turn them in to your Post. Shape, size and condition don't matter, because they'll be broken up and made into new records for our fighting men. The goal is 37,500,000. With 200 million old records cluttering up households that shouldn't be too hard. And the boys will be awfully grateful

this response has made me feel how wonderful it would be if those of us who make, play and sing music could visit all the fronts and bases everywhere.

But we can't. So the next best thing is to send recorded music.

A group of us have banded together to work out the best possible way to acquire these records. We aren't asking for money. After all, there are an estimated 200,000,000 old records in American attics and basements. These old records are simply accumulating dust—they're junk to the owners. But to you and me they're a means of reaching our goal.

To do this we incorporated a non-profit agency, Records For Our Fighting Men, Inc., with Kay Kyser, Fritz Reiner, Gene Autry, Sigmund Spaeth and myself as incorporators. In addition we have the pledged support of nearly fifty of the most celebrated names in the musical world. But the musical world couldn't do this job on a nationwide basis, without the patriotic coöperation of The American Legion.

I know that the more than a million Legionnaires in your twelve thousand Posts and the half-million Auxiliary women in more than nine thousand Units throughout our great country will pitch into this job with the will they have shown in many other efforts in support of our nation at war. Your Legion National Commander, Lynn U. Stambaugh, and your Auxiliary National President, Mrs. Mark W. Murrill, are supporting this activity to the utmost.

Both of those national officers will serve on our board of directors and as members of our executive committee. Legion members who, as veterans, are particularly qualified to know the type of music that is enjoyed by men in uniform, will be on the board of judges that will select recordings of popular and classical music for distribution to our troops.

Already pledging their full support is a group of musicians running the entire scale from grand opera to boogie-woogie. This group comprises a Who's Who in American Music—Lily Pons, Nino Martini, Andre Kostelanetz, Cab Calloway, Glenn Miller, Count Basie, John Barbirolli, Morton Gould, Adolf Busch, Lotte Lehmann, Lauritz Melchior, Benny Goodman, Joseph Szigeti, Richard

Crooks, Edwin Franko Goldman, Guy Lombardo, Rudolf Serkin, Yehudi Menuhin, Danny Kaye, Tommy Tucker, Helen Traubel, Charlie Spivak, Eddie Duchin, Phil Spitalny, Artur Rodzinski, Claude Thornhill, Gene Krupa, Igor Gorin, Horace Heidt, Dick Jurgens, Edward Kilenyi, Suzanne Sten, Robert Casadesu, Bruna Castagna, John Carter, Marek Weber, Astrid Varnay, Frankie Masters, Leonard Warren—to name only a few.

Once we've acquired 37,500,000 old discs, we're going to sell them to the phonograph record companies. They'll mash 'em up and extract the materials needed in the making of new records. Then they'll provide us—at manufacturers' cost—with whatever records we want. Furthermore, we're picking a special committee to decide on what records the boys in the armed services will re-



June 7th, I was in Washington taking part with Ted Collins in the mass induction of more than 12,000 volunteers for the Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard. The men were sworn in at 2:23 P. M., Eastern War Time, six months to the minute after the infamous Jap sneak attack on Pearl Harbor. From coast to coast, in hundreds of villages, towns and cities, volunteers were taking the oath of allegiance and vowing to avenge the men who died in that sneak attack. Then and there I resolved that these boys who were being sworn in would have every assurance that we're all behind them.



**Does Kate rate with service men! In personal appearances she wows them, and in this records-collection job she's batting a thousand**

ceive. And you can bet your shirt that the committee will be the best qualified for picking the best music. There'll be every kind of music—ballads, swing music, sweet music, hillbilly and western songs, semi-classical, classical, and novelty numbers.

On a warm Sunday afternoon last

I'm an entertainer and you're veterans. We can work together to carry out a wonderful responsibility. Let's put this campaign over with a bang, and let the fruits of our work mean comfort and recreation and warm remembrance to our fighting men, wherever they may be.

God bless America!



# Scads OF SOLDIER LETTERS

## and none of them get lost

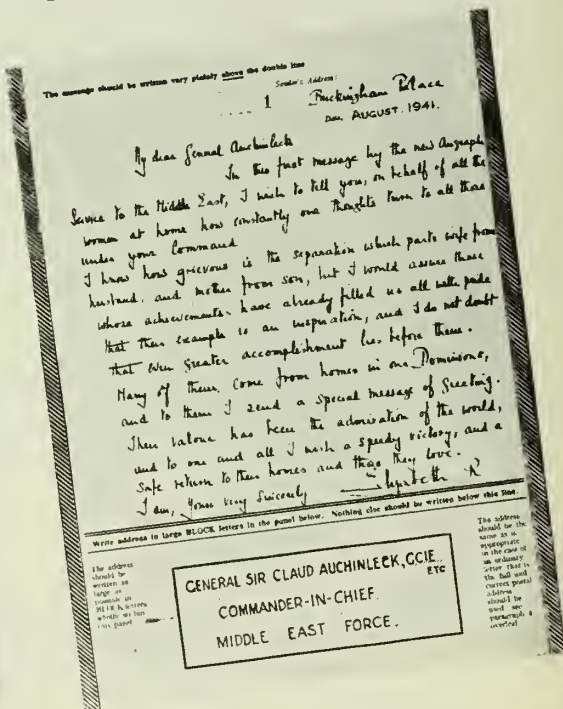
By  
ROSS L.  
HOLMAN

**N**OW that our Government has installed, with improvements developed through many months of study and preparation by the War, Navy and Post Office Departments, the airgraph service enjoyed by the British Tommies in the Middle East, you won't have to wait four or five weeks for a letter from your boy in North Ireland or in England. This expeditious postal service is known as V-Mail (the V for victory—some people also call it Airgraph Service) and possibly by the time you read these lines, it will be extended to our forces in Australia and in other distant parts of the world, and a proportionate saving in delivery time will be effected. You won't receive the original letter just as the boy wrote it, but a picture of it. It will be photographed on a roll of film containing snapshots of 1700 other AEF letters from the same place, and the reel will reach the U. S. in five to ten days by plane. The "Dear Pop" communications you and hundreds of other dads read will be enlarged prints from the film negatives after they reach this country.

It will be a great satisfaction to parents, wives and sweethearts to know that letters from their AEF boys won't be ancient history when they get them. This is the latest streamlined method of conveying information that microfilm has built. Special stationery will be supplied to our troops in far-off places—providing space for the name and address of the addressee and also of the sender, together with the date and a place for the censor's stamp. Thus, after the microfilm rolls are received in this country and have been developed and photostatic copies made on special forms, these reproduced letters will be sealed in window envel-

opes and dispatched through the regular mails for delivery. In time, it is expected to make V-Mail Service available to the folks at home through a great number of post offices, for their correspondence with their men in the armed forces stationed outside of continental United States.

Microfilm is a comparatively recent development in the field of reproduction and is used to make film copies of all kinds of printed or written material. It is extensively used in filming books. A public library, for instance, is crowded for shelf room. It can start photographing the pages of the oldest books on a roll of film—the size of those used for moving pictures. When the books are reduced to film they take



Queen Elizabeth wrote the first airgraph message to troops in Egypt. At left, quite evidently the news from home is good

up only five percent of the shelf space occupied by the original volumes. A library patron can insert the roll in a reading machine on the library table and reproduce the tiny negative copy on the reader screen to full page size. Excerpts of a book or magazine article can be photographed and made available in photostat form. Patrons who need them for reference pay a nominal charge to have them made.

Many business offices and banks have reduced their office records to microfilm copy because they then take up only one percent of the space. It is so adjusted that a film record of a letter or document can be brought to visibility on the office reading machine much more quickly than the original can be fingered out of a file.

It was this saving in bulk, weight and time that inspired the first airgraph service in the world now operating between Britain and the Middle





Oh, yes, it's a machine operation. At right, Yanks in Australia getting mail. Airgraph now supplements this

East. The mail deliverer in Egypt or Palestine doesn't have to drive up to an army post with a truck of pouches. He digs two or three spools of celluloid out of his pocket and announces that the mail has arrived.

Airgraph service between Britain and the Middle East has now been in operation since May, 1941. Plans were later made to extend it to Cape Town and other outposts. Its technique is startling in its simplicity and one wonders why no one ever thought of it before. It works this way: A boy in Auchinleck's forces wants to write home. He pens his message on a plain 8½ by 11 sheet of paper. After being censored by the proper authorities it is sent to the airgraph recording office in Cairo.

By high speed photography this is turned into a thumb-nail negative ½ by ⅝-inch size. The letters can be photographed at the rate of 2,000 an hour, and 4,500 of them can be snapped on a roll of film weighing only one pound. In their original letter form they would weigh 150 pounds. After being photographed they are packed for mailing, 1,700 to a six-ounce spool. These spools are then flown to a central point in Britain. Here the films are fed into a special developing machine that spins out the letter reproductions at the rate of 3,600 an hour and enlarges the prints to 4 by 5 inches—large enough for anyone to read. The letter prints



are dried at the rate of forty a minute, cut, sorted and mailed out to addressees in special envelopes.

As compared with slow ocean-going mail, airgraph service not only saves weight and cargo space but annihilates distance like nobody's business. Mail from the Middle East can be delivered in Britain in five to ten days as compared with a month to five weeks by sea. The service works both ways and British home folks can reply to their soldier boys with the same speed. And—just to show what a tremendous burden it takes off Britannia's vital war shipping—two

million letters sent home the ordinary way would stack up to 35 tons of cargo. Reduced to celluloid they weigh 500 pounds and can be carried as a small part of the load of a freight plane. The postage cost per letter is six cents as compared with 36 cents a half ounce by sea.

Airgraph solves another problem. Dad, Mother and the girl he left behind him can read about the soldier boy's activities while the emotions resulting from them are still surging in his breast. Things happen so swiftly in blitzkrieg war that a two months' old letter from a navy recruit on a Far Eastern front may tell of battle experiences that are as obsolete as last year's newspaper. An epistle from Sonny Boy when Singapore was about to fall would make queer reading if it reached Dad's hand after Coral Sea. A gloomy letter from a besieged Tommy in German-invaded Egypt should not have to be spilled on the home folks after Rommel has been chased back to Bengasi—or vice versa. As far as the Middle East is concerned his

communication now reaches home quickly enough for the family to rejoice when he rejoices and weep when he weeps.

Besides all the other advantages named, microfilm letters provide a permanent record of war time correspondence. If a mail-carrying plane is blitzed out of the sky the originals are still intact. The letters can all be processed again and sent out by another plane. The service simplifies the censor's task of checking espionage mail sent out under the guise of "letters back home," or "letters to the front." In scanning millions of communications crowding the postal

(Continued on page 46)



“**W**ERE the accounts of all battles, save only those of Genghis Khan, effaced from the pages of history . . . the soldier would still possess a mine of untold wealth from which to extract nuggets of knowledge useful in molding an army.”

That was said by General Douglas MacArthur. The soldier, he explains, cannot learn his profession solely by practice. He must go to the past to acquire the art of war. Not the changing techniques and weapons but the unchanging fundamentals. Nowhere can he find them better exemplified than in the career of the great Emperor of the Mongols seven hundred years ago.

It is impossible to write of Genghis Khan without superlatives.

He won by conquest the greatest land empire that the world has ever seen. Neither the empire of Alexander nor that of Rome compared with it. It extended from the Pacific to mid-Europe. It included the greater part of the known world and more than half of its population.

He defeated successively the three other military forces of the globe—China, Islam, Christendom. His city of Karakorum became the chief capital of the world. London, Paris, Rome were of minor importance.

As General MacArthur says, the triumphs of other commanders “pale into insignificance beside those of Genghis Khan.” Napoleon ended in defeat. Temujin, the Great Khan, never lost a decisive battle. He died an old man, at the peak of his victories and with his empire still vigorously expanding. Caesar and Alexander owed much to their predecessors, who had perfected the Roman Legion and the Macedonian Phalanx. The Mongol Emperor developed his own military machine.

His armies were nearly always greatly outnumbered. Probably he could never put more than 200,000 men in the field, but with that small force he pulverized empires of many millions. On the record he was the most successful soldier in all history.

**W**HEN Temujin was thirteen years old his father was poisoned by his enemies.

Temujin already had the strength and stature of a man. He could stay in the saddle all day, and could shoot a powerful arrow. And he was strong in spirit. He was resolved to succeed his father as chieftain of the tough tribe of nomads winning a meager subsistence on the harsh steppes of high Asia, constantly fighting with other tribes for the sparse pasturage.

But the tribesmen would have none of him, drifting away to older leaders. The



## THE MAN WHO CONQUERED THE WORLD

other chieftains, determined to get rid of this young rival, hunted Temujin across the steppes like an animal.

They caught him at last. They put a heavy wooden yoke on his neck, and pinioned his wrists to it as in a stock. One night he struck down his guard with the yoke and ran through the sleeping camp. He hid in a stream while the horsemen rode up and down the bank

looking for him. Later he crept out and persuaded a roaming hunter to release him from the yoke.

The chronicle of those early years is a record of hairbreadth escapes from pursuit and from treachery; but he was never merely a fugitive trying to escape with his life. He kept to his fixed purpose of fighting his way to leadership.

He sought out companions; something about him won their devoted loyalty. Once Temujin lay helpless on the frozen ground close to the enemy's camp with a deep arrow wound in his neck. A companion sucked the blood and dirt from the wound, took off his clothing and covered Temujin, crept into the enemy's camp to find milk for him to drink—at

By  
**EDWIN  
MULLER**



last got him to safety. He won other loyal followers. His father's men began to shift back to him. Before he was twenty he was a chieftain.

That did not content him. He began to intrigue and fight to bring other tribes into confederation with his own. Always in the end he was the leader.

Invariably he killed anyone who sought to share power with him. No ties of affection, no considerations whatever, stood in the way.

Jamuga was his cousin. In the lean days they had slept under the same blanket, had shared their last scraps of food, had hunted field mice together when there was nothing else to eat. But Jamuga was not content to be a subordinate. He gathered his own followers. The two clashed in battle. In the end Jamuga stood before his cousin, a prisoner. Temujin calmly ordered him strangled to death.

Togrul had been the friend of Temujin's father. He helped the boy at a critical period of his struggle. But when the older chief was not willing to submit to the youth, Temujin had him hunted down and killed.

On the other hand, he lavishly rewarded leaders willing to serve under him. Wealth meant nothing to Temujin save as a way to power. He never sought to acquire fine clothes or luxurious pavilions. His followers, when they had the chance, drank deep and ate gluttonously, but he was always sober. He had a violent temper, though he could always control it.

The years went by. He made his headquarters in Karakorum, the City of the Black Sands—a city of tents. It was on the great East-West caravan route. Temujin did not molest the caravans; they had a place in his schemes for the future. Temujin had wives and growing sons now. To him the sons were military lieutenants, fit to

be trusted more than others.

He was a sturdy figure, clad in sheepskins and hardened leather, with the unwieldy gait of a man who had lived in the saddle. His face, deeply lined, leathery, had a coating of grease against the cold and the biting wind. It is likely that he never washed from one year's end to the next. His eyes, set far apart under a sloping forehead, red-rimmed from the blowing sand and dust, glowed with a fierce intensity. He spoke little and then after long meditation. He could neither read nor write.

At the age of fifty Temujin had welded the tribes of Central Asia into one united force of which he was the sole leader. He was the Genghis Kahn—the "Mightiest Ruler." His name spread far across the steppes.

capital of Samarkand, and the Sultan was fleeing for his life.

In the years that followed, the armies of the Khan pushed down into the plains of India, overran the Middle East, went on through Russia into Central Europe. Everywhere they were victorious. Why?

Genghis Khan had an indomitable will, a violent energy of body and mind, an utter ruthlessness in his quest for power. But his greatness lay in something more than that.

You don't find the key in the story of his life, for his biographers were chiefly his enemies. But his enemies also set down in detail a description of his military machine and how it operated. And that reveals his secret.

Genghis Khan had the ability to look with a fresh eye, to brush away all



An artist's conception of architecture in the Khan's kingdom

And yet if at that time an enemy's arrow had found the right spot in his armor, history would scarcely have heard of him. The mighty deeds of his life were crowded into his last sixteen years.

He had built a military machine to conquer the world. Now he set out to use it.

To the east was China, the oldest civilization in the world. It was divided then into two empires, the Kin and the Sung. To the west was Islam, the separate nations that had grown from the conquests of the great Mohammed. Farther west was Russia, then a mass of petty states, and middle Europe, a jumble of large and small powers.

First the Khan attacked China. He forced his way through the Great Wall and hurled his columns across the vast spaces of the Kin, or northern empire. The capital, Yanking, was taken, the emperor put to flight. It was a complete rout.

Three years later Genghis Khan moved west. Within a few months the Mongol troopers were plundering the lovely

traditions, to go straight at a problem with a completely new approach. He could take all the available methods, techniques, weapons and mold them to his purpose. He could do that in infinite detail.

It is the rarest of gifts. It's called genius.

Genghis Khan was the first man in history to organize a nation for the exclusive purpose of waging war. He had 700 years ago the supposedly modern concept of "total war."

In the Mongol horse and rider he had magnificent raw material. The horse was tireless. It could get along if watered once in three days. It could find fodder under any conditions, pawing down through snow and ice for remnants of dry grass. The rider could stay in the saddle a day and a night, could sleep in the snow, keep going on little or no food. He was a fighter by instinct—brought up on hand-to-hand combat, taught to shoot as soon as he learned to talk.

(Continued on page 36)

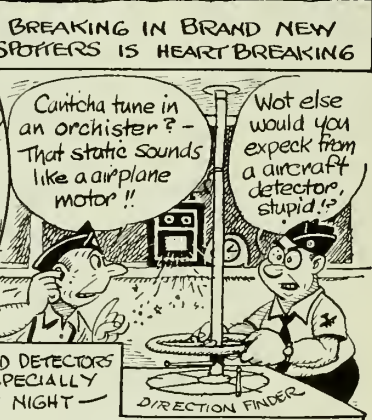
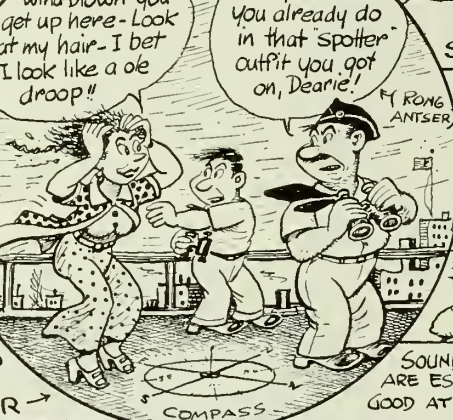
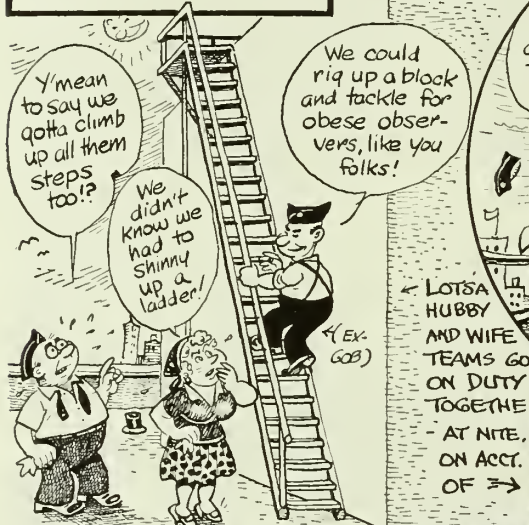
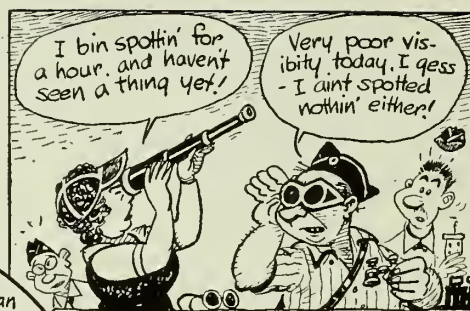
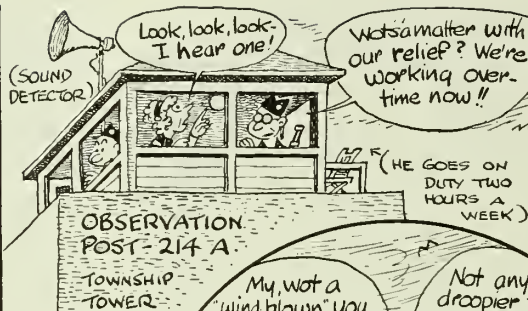


Interior of a Chinese palace in the time of Genghis Khan

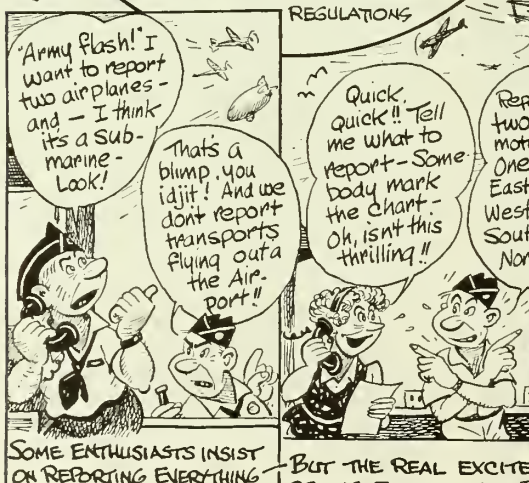
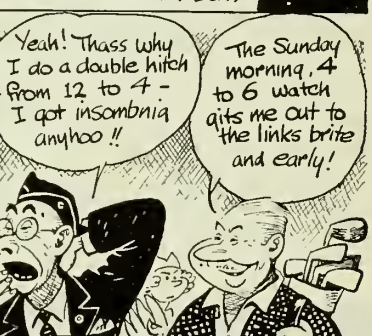
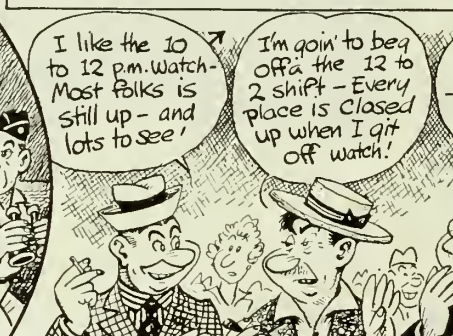
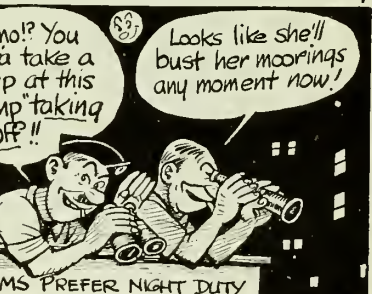


# AIRCRAFT SPOTTING!

SOME HIGH SPOTS OBSERVED BY "CIVILIAN OBSERVER" WALLGREN, No. 1500307, OF THE AIRCRAFT WARNING SERVICE, U.S. ARMY.



SOMEBODY SHOULD'A TOLD THEM BEFORE THEY VOLUNTEERED - THEY'VE JUST DONE A FOUR FLIGHT CLIMB TO THE ROOF.



SOME ENTHUSIASTS INSIST ON REPORTING EVERYTHING - BUT THE REAL EXCITEMENT COMES WHEN THE SKY SEEMS FILLED WITH PLANES COMING FROM ALL DIRECTIONS



# EDITORIAL

## Your Job in the War

AS THESE lines are written, early in July, the fortunes of war have taken a sudden turn for the worse for the United Nations, in Africa and in Southern Europe, with the Germans driving a spearhead into the British lines reaching within 65 miles of the great naval base of Alexandria, while in the Crimea the fortress of Sevastopol has fallen, after exacting a tremendous toll of German men and machines. The outlook as the United States celebrated on July 4th the 166th anniversary of its independence was indeed grim.

As a high ranking officer of our Army reminded his countrymen, the United States "has lost everything but its complacency" in the months since Pearl Harbor. Of course there have been characteristically brilliant exploits by elements of our land, sea and air forces, but the net of our months of operations as a belligerent is that we and our allies have been driven out of all the islands between Australia and the Asiatic mainland, as well as from Guam and Wake Islands, while on that Continent, Hong Kong, Malaya with its great naval base of Singapore, and Burma with its famous route to China's hard pressed armies all have fallen to the enemy. In addition, the Jap forces have occupied two or three islands in the western Aleutian chain over which we have held sovereignty, and sinkings of our merchant ships by U-boats in the western Atlantic have averaged some two a day.

Against this somber background of continual gains by the enemy we have thus far shown only an increase in production and a start on the job of placing our armed forces in position to lash out in offensive actions. Possibly by the time you read these lines those offensives will have gotten under way. Certainly the time is ripe for them, either in conjunction with our allies or through separate action. Up to now the enemy has made all the decisions as to where and when blows would be struck.

The part the civilian must play in the all-out war we are carrying on is fairly simple. He should submit cheerfully to any rationing which the Government deems necessary, leaving to his Congressmen and Senators the matter of investigating the circumstances under which the rationings are ordered; he should stick to his job, giving the very best that is in him toward sustaining the war effort through purchase of war bonds and stamps; he should refuse to retail gossip concerning failures on the part of our own forces or those of our allies; he should be on the alert to notify the proper town, state or federal agent concerning suspicious actions on the part of anyone.

In the war which ended on November 11, 1918, we

heard the expression "a nation in arms." That represented a desirable but unattainable goal twenty-four years ago. Today it represents a condition which is absolutely necessary if we and our allies are to come out on top in this global struggle. In the months to come we shall all be called upon to step up our contributions of various sorts to the war effort. Let us resolve that until the day of victory comes nothing except the war effort is important. If that happens we cannot fail.

## Spotting Those Planes

IN THIS issue Wally shows you something about the trials of those men and women, boys and girls, numbering hundreds of thousands, who watch the skies around the clock, seven days in every week, for hostile planes that may never come. Wally, in common with thousands of members of the great Legion family, is an airplane spotter for the Army's Aircraft Warning Service, and he knows, as the other spotters know, how important it is that every Observation Post in the land report to the Army the presence of all planes in its vicinity.

Far at sea the professionals of our armed forces are watching for the first sign of enemy planes bound for these shores. If a "suicide squadron" gets past these guardians of our outer defenses and reaches the Continental United States the appropriate Air Force Interceptor Command will quickly receive the information necessary to annihilate the raiders. The number and type of planes will be known, the direction they are taking will be plotted through successive reports from the Observation Posts, and if the force fans out in an attempt to bomb a number of objectives the fighter planes of the Air Force will set about destroying them in detail.

The spotters engaged on this important service know that no matter how terrible the weather may be they must remain on the alert. A hostile plane reported will almost certainly be a dead duck before it can do any damage, but if it gets through. . . . And so every plane that comes within sight or sound must be noted and the information concerning it sent in quickly. As Past National Commander Ray Murphy said last May, discussing in this magazine the duties of civilians in connection with air raids, "While the call may never come, we would deserve everything we got if when it came we were not ready to cope with whatever the enemy might throw at us."

The civilians who have a part in the A. W. S. have this in mind. They are making a highly important contribution to the safety of this nation, and rate a salute from the rest of us.



*For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness. — PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION*





# You Can't Always Sense

# ***THE TURNING***



*By*

**FREDERICK PALMER**



The most famous of all Washington's crossings of the Delaware and the victories that followed it gave the Continentals a great thrill, but Valley Forge was the real turning point of the Revolution

**T**HE fighters did not know it at the time. Their glazed eyes were on the ball. Nothing else counted but to go on enduring, marching or fighting. They were making history, not writing it.

But in our wars from the Revolution to the Rhine, as it will be in this war, one more ounce of strength behind another blow, the quick decision of a leader, the ability to stand fast, or a favoring break of which the most was made, marked the turning point.

We got the jump as the result. The enemy never got it again. From then on we had him going.

The turning point of the Revolution was in the unconquerable endurance at

Valley Forge. Let's figure out why.

King George III had sent over Lord Howe with a big army of British regulars and hired Hessians to finish in one fell swoop the job of wiping out "the rebel mob."

Washington would keep his little army together and not get trapped. He had to fall back from Long Island and then from the Hudson into New Jersey. But there was no catching him.

And that Washington was not the elderly statesman with false teeth which did not fit that we see on the postage stamp. He was the agile giant, in his forty-fourth year, nature's own teeth firm set in his jaw.

His was no panic retreat. He was hit-



ting back—taking toll from Howe. In swift movements of surprise he crossed the Delaware to capture a thousand Hessians and then messed up two British regiments and a company of cavalry.

In that winter of 1777-78 of record-breaking cold, Howe's army was comfortably housed in Philadelphia. If he could not get Washington by fighting he



# POINT



**Holding Little Round Top won Gettysburg for the Union forces. It was the turning point**

would get him by starvation and cold in his camp in the snowdrifts of Valley Forge.

Washington's soldiers would lose interest in their independence cry when they knew the British had their Independence Hall. The rebel mob would disintegrate by desertion. Any remnants Washington had left in the spring would be short of rifles, cannon and ammunition, since Howe had captured many American arms foundries.

A few men did go A.W.O.L., some to become deserters. They were the kind who were not up to the immortal test of keeping a stiff backbone when it is glued to a lean, famished belly. Others had furloughs for a brief visit home, when their homes were not in enemy possession, but they came back from mother's flapjacks and smoked hams, and a seat before the fire, to take it at Valley Forge.

The few deserters may not have liked the methods of drillmaster General von Steuben, an Americanized German veteran of European wars. He was the man we needed when our weakness was lack of training, in our military inexperience. We could lick the enemy man to man in small forces, but we had not the drilled teamwork for battle of army against army—the kind Pershing insisted upon in France.

And old Von Steuben was the one to give it to us. He was in a military seventh heaven. It was a cinch for him to make all around soldiers in an integrated army of men of such spirit who left blood stains from unclad feet on the icy drill grounds.

How they nursed their Pennsylvania rifles!

This was the rifle which was the pride of the frontiersman in keeping his scalplock safe and bringing home the venison with a single shot. Its finely tempered barrel, grooved by hand with what is now micromatic precision to a thousandth of an inch, had range and accuracy exceeding that of the clumsy old Brown Bess musket of the British regulars, as Howe had learned. It was one reason why Howe could never catch Washington's army.

And the Americanized German armsmiths who had settled in the backwoods of Pennsylvania, and their sons, and the apprentices they had taught, were making more and more Pennsylvania rifles. Not only that, but out of the iron of Pennsylvania mines they were making more and more cannon through that tough winter.

In the spring Washington's men, feeling closer to him than ever before, were a real army plus, lean hounds eager to be off the leash when they put Valley Forge behind them,

and on their way to the final knockout at Yorktown.

If not in the winning of the war for the independence of what had been Thirteen Colonies there were two other turning points of mighty influence for our future in the fighting which made the nation.

Paul Jones had "not yet begun to fight" when his own ship was in a sinking condition, its decks strewn with wreckage. He lost his own, but got one to replace it by boarding the enemy's. That established the American naval tradition.

The other turning point we owe to George Rogers Clark. After taking Kaskaskia, Illinois, with his little band of frontiersmen, they did the do-or-die act in utter audacity and surprise, over frozen ground, fording icy waters, day after day, and captured the outnumbering British garrison of Vincennes, Indiana. This gave us all the Northwest from the Ohio and Allegheny Rivers to the Great Lakes, the Mississippi and the Minnesota border.

We know how utterly unprepared and unequipped we were for the War of 1812-14, and how when they got ashore the British regulars, generally speaking, pushed our untrained troops about, even capturing Washington. With all respect to Commodore Perry's victory on Lake

Erie I see the turning point in the flash of the eye of Captain "Tom" Macdonough, who also had what it takes in his head and backbone. Outgunned and outnumbered in ships in that hot, unrelenting battle to the finish, he decisively walloped the British fleet on Lake Champlain. This checked the British invasion of New York and Vermont.

It was the way our ships closed in with skill of seamanship, broadsides and boarding in the Paul Jones tradition when they had anything like even terms which won security for the rights for which we had fought that war. Andrew Jackson had not heard that the peace treaty had been signed when he won his brilliant victory at New Orleans.

When I think of the War with Mexico, 1846-48, "Remember the Alamo" rings in my ears as paradoxically the turning point before the war began. That ever memorable heroic, last ditch defense, in further proof of all the outrages our settlers in Texas were bravely and indomitably enduring, stirred our indignation in pioneer fellowship.

We gradually got mad all through, as we can on occasion. We decided we had a job to do in cleaning up the Santa Anna despotism, which meant the job would be done. This brought Texas, the Southwest and California into our fold, which is certainly not to be regretted now that we are at war with Japan.

Next we come to the Civil War, in which brother fought brother in all the strength of their common qualities. Lee's army, invading Pennsylvania, had slipped past Meade's, which was rushing to get in front of it.

Should Lee win the ensuing battle the Confederacy might be recognized by the  
(Continued on page 44)



**In the counter-stroke toward Soissons following the break-down of the fifth German offensive the Allies won superiority. Less than four months later came victory**



**T**HERE was never a war in which the United States took part that the American mother was not deeply concerned about her soldier boy's welfare—physical, mental and moral. She wants him to be well clothed, well housed, well fed and well cared for in sickness.

Uncle Sam has done a good job along most of these lines. The camps that I have seen are clean and well built. Sanitation is good. Food is O. K. Medical care is of the best—with one important exception. There is an old saying, usually attributed to Napoleon,\* that an army travels on its stomach. But what Napoleon really said was that an army marches on its stomach *and its feet*. Many a soldier has tramped or fought all day on an empty stomach without grouching overmuch, but when it comes to marching 20 or 30 miles on a sore foot—did you go to the World's Fair?

Mrs. B—— was in my office the other day. Her boy is at Panama. "How is he getting along?" I asked.

"I had a letter this morning," she replied. "He was getting ready for a practice march of 20 miles up into the hills. He said he hoped his feet would hold out."

"I hope so, too," I said, "because there are no chiropodists in the Army."

My tone must have been a little dark, for Mrs. B—— exclaimed quickly, "Oh, my goodness, what will the poor boys do when their feet hurt?"

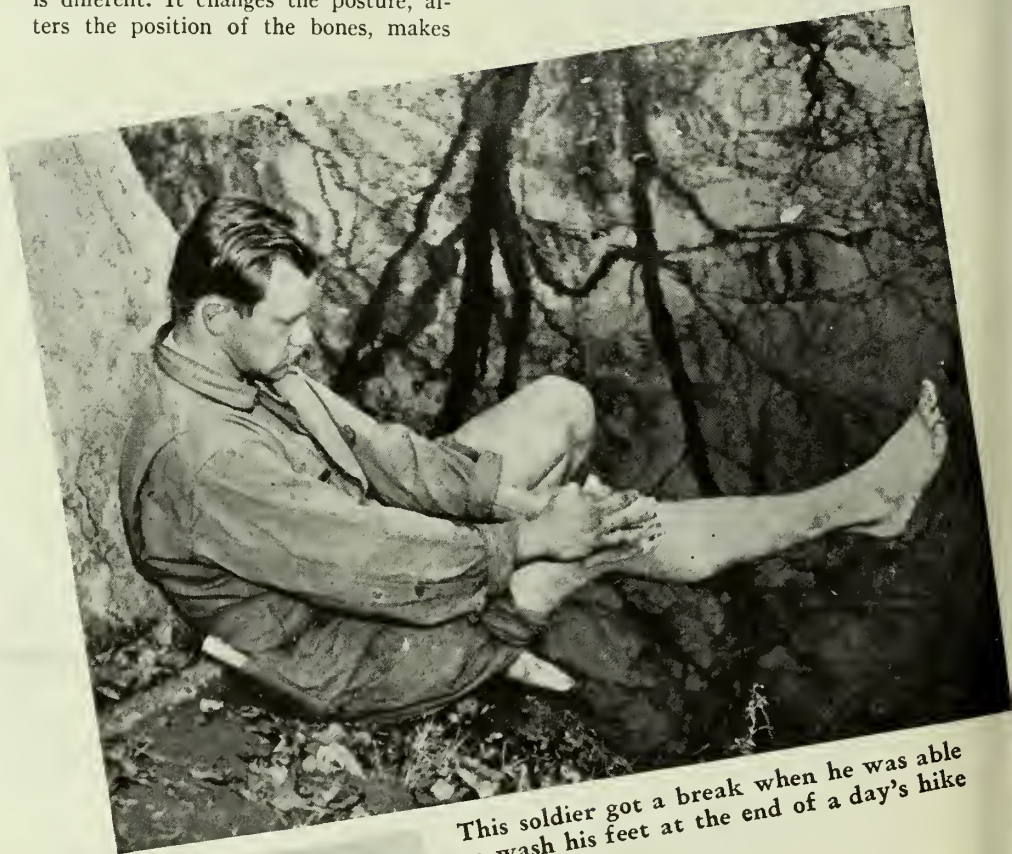
Going into the Army is a vast change from the routines of civilian life. No matter how carefully the transition is made it is tough on the recruit. The

\* Editor's Note: Actually, Frederick the Great said it, but Napoleon doubtless repeated it.

hours, the discipline, the food and clothing, all are different. The change affects both mind and body. And to no part of the body does it bring a greater or more trying change than to the feet.

Previous to his induction the soldier boy has been wearing all sorts of shoes, with crepe soles, rubber soles, leather soles, light uppers, perforated uppers, wing tips, moccasin toes, pointed toes and what have you? The army shoe, even though it is made on good lines, is different. It changes the posture, alters the position of the bones, makes

# Keep **THE** on his



This soldier got a break when he was able to wash his feet at the end of a day's hike



British soldiers give their feet an airing as they catch up on sleep

By **A. OWEN**

muscles work that did not work before. Moreover, a goodly proportion of the young fellows are unaccustomed to being on their feet. Many of them have been sitting at a desk, or at least working indoors on smooth, often carpeted floors. Now the whole design of their lives has been redrawn and no matter in what easy stages the hardening process is applied it plays hob with their feet.

To be sure, the physical examinations are supposedly very strict and no one with defective feet is admitted (more about this later); but regardless of how good a man's feet may be when he is inducted, they are not going to stay that way, not at 20 miles a day with 50 pounds of equipment on his back. Not after days and days of sloshing through mud, snow and water in shoes and socks foul with dirt and perspiration, with never a chance for a bath and a change



# SOLDIER

## Toes

tions encountered in actual battle. When the men finish this drill, sometimes with water-soaked shoes and clothing, many of them can hardly drag one foot after the other. You can imagine what the effect will be under real wartime conditions lasting for days on end.

What are some of the ailments that afflict the soldier's feet? And how important are they? Are we making too much fuss about this matter?

First, there is the common blister. An insignificant thing, isn't it? But to a soldier on the march a blister is just so

much hellfire. He will go as far as he can with it and then when he is utterly unable to take another step he will limp out of line to the side of the road. If the blister becomes infected, it means hospitalization, the loss of the man's services for a number of days and increased expense to Uncle Sam.

Scalding, or maceration between the toes, often leading to trench foot, is another danger. It is due to wet feet, perspiration and the friction engendered by shoes that do not fit as they ought.

Corns develop, too. Nails grow too long before they can be properly trimmed, break off or are mishandled by the soldier himself and become ingrown.

Leg muscles get pulled on long hikes, ankles are twisted, ligaments torn when jumping from trucks, landing from parachutes, scrambling over rough terrain. "March foot" develops after prolonged walking. This is a condition which affects the second toe; makes it so intensely painful that the sufferer has to drop out, with his foot swollen and inflamed. Sometimes the long, slender metatarsal bone leading to that toe actually breaks under the continued strain, just as you break a wire by bending it back and forth. This means hospitalization and three or four weeks in a cast, during which time the man can't fight.

Though classed as minor ailments, foot ills often lead to major consequences. But, because of the attitude of the medical staff, the soldier soon gets the idea that if he complains he will be suspected of malingering. Hence, in many instances, he goes on suffering in silence, his morale and endurance gradually becoming undermined until the condition, so slight and so easily remediable in its

*(Continued on page 38)*



The sergeant at the extreme right knows his stuff. That's foot powder he's giving them

## PENNEY

into clean, dry footwear. Tough going!

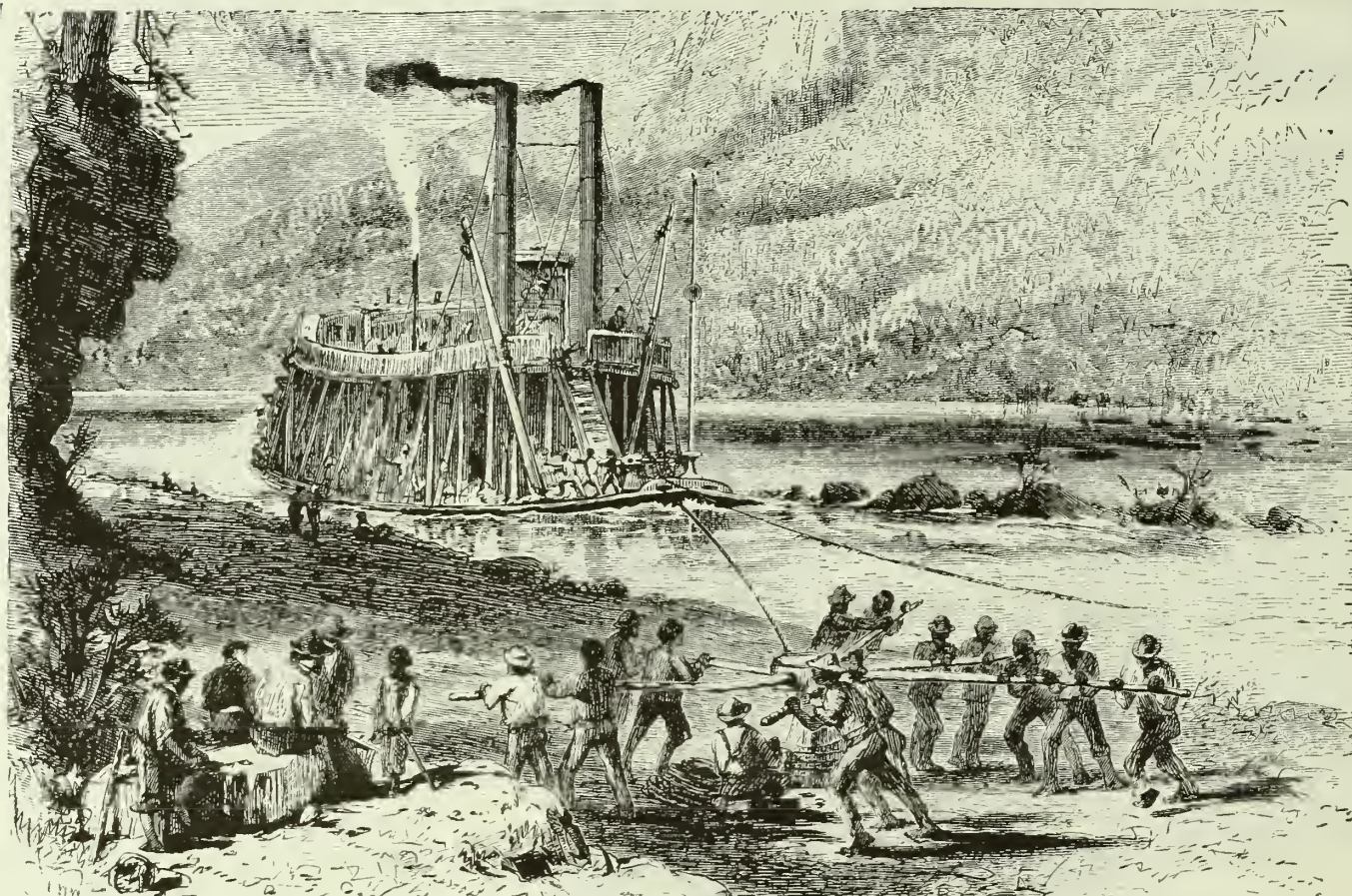
As this is being written I have at my hand pictures and news stories describing the training of selectees at one of the camps for engineers. A course has been devised 500 yards long, most of it uphill. At the start there is a log barrier three feet high, then a water jump six feet wide. A short run of a few yards brings the trainees to a ten-foot solid plank fence which has to be scaled. Then there is a regulation trench which some of the men can take in a jump but which for others means sliding down one side and scrambling up the other. Before they can draw a full breath there is another water jump eight feet wide and, after crossing it, they have to turn back, recross it on a ladderlike foot bridge and then dodge back and forth among various obstacles intended to simulate the natural or artificial obstruc-



Foot inspection isn't just a routine thing, as these Tommies well know



# SHREVE: *he bucked*



By  
**GARNETT  
LAIDLAW  
ESKEW**

It took all sorts of ingenuity to overcome the obstacles the early steamboats faced on western rivers. Here a boat is warped through a particularly difficult stretch on the Tennessee

SOME day here in America we are going to grasp an important truth, namely, that the complete story of the makings of this nation is not to be found between the covers of our school histories. Not yet, at least. The time may arrive when there will appear in our midst an astute historian who will set about straightening out the kinks of our national epic, according honor where honor rightly belongs. Coming to the name of Henry Shreve, such an historian would likely ponder, "Shreve—now where have I heard that name?" Well, an up-and-coming city in Louisiana bears his name. More than that—

At the Battle of New Orleans, in January 1815, there was a young volunteer officer in Colonel Humphrey's artillery battalion who had won General Andrew Jackson's high regard, although he had never known a day's military service in his life. But for all that Captain Henry Shreve was entitled to his rank. He had won it as master of a wheezing, experimental little paddle-wheel steamer named the *Enterprise* which he had brought all the way from the shores of the upper Ohio River down thousands of miles of

treacherous, desolate channel, with a cargo of much-needed supplies for Jackson's army. . . .

Those were anxious days in old New Orleans. The British invaders were hammering almost at the city's gates and the harassed Jackson was alternately swearing and praying the "Tarnal to send him reinforcements and munitions. He had placed the city under martial law and every able-bodied man under arms. And there was reason! Along the shore, reaching from town nine miles down the flood-swollen Mississippi to important Fort St. Philip, a parade of British cannon glowered out over the channel. Every other avenue to the fort was cut off, and food was running short and powder running low. . . .

Then Shreve appeared on the scene—brawny young mid-Westerner, whose great arm and shoulder muscles came from years of flatboating and barge operation on the rivers. Scion of a pioneer family, son of a colonel in Washington's Revolutionary Army, merchant-navigator and "waterway enthusiast," Shreve had built up a pretty sizable fortune for a young man recently turned thirty, by carrying pelts from the Upper Mississippi, lead from the Galena mines, whiskey and general cargo between St. Louis and Pittsburgh. Often he and his men had brought barges all the way down to the Crescent City. Then, loaded again, they had poled them painfully and laboriously back to the Ohio ports—a six months' job of unbelievable hardship. Yet barges and flatboats were the sole means of getting about over the water roads in those days.

On this trip, however, Shreve, having



# The Current

faith that steam could push a boat against the river currents, came down with his primitive little tub to prove it. And he came despite the failure of Robert Fulton, who three years earlier had built abortive steamships (similar to his Hudson River *Clermont*) and tried to run them on the uncertain Western rivers. And with what disastrous results! The boats he built in the West could go downstream all right; having weak engines and a deep draft they were helpless bucking the currents.

In beleaguered New Orleans, Jackson had work for Shreve and his ship. Important work! First off, there were some bargeloads of additional supplies which had set out from Pittsburgh months before and had somehow got lost on the way down.

"Go back up the river and see if you can find them," Jackson said to Shreve. The young captain got his boat under way, ran her up the river, corralled the missing cargoes and within eight days brought them down safely to the batture in front of New Orleans.

"Well, Captain!" spoke up Jackson admiringly, "you seem to be a man who does what he sets out to do. Can you take that steamship of yours, run past the enemy's batteries and take a load of those supplies to Fort St. Philip?"

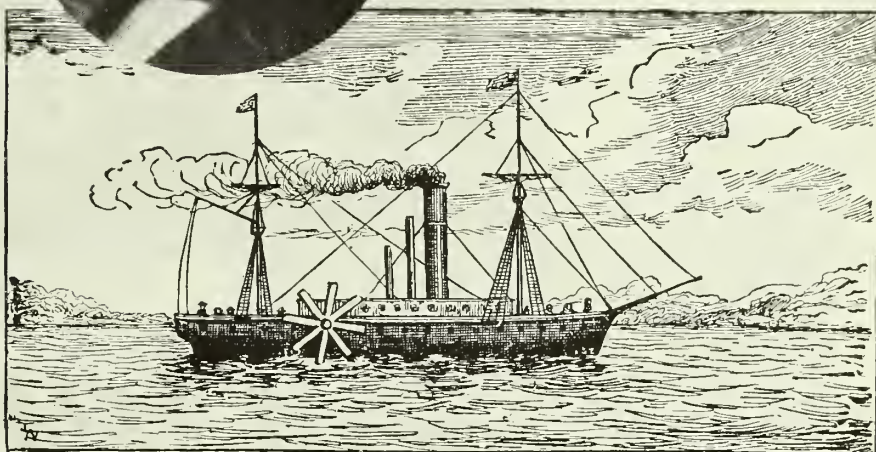
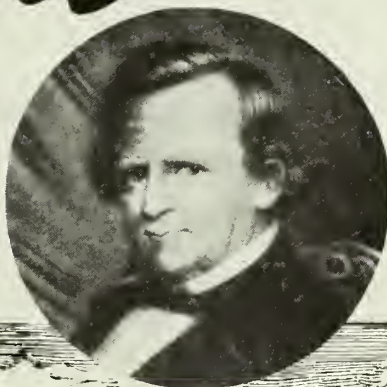
Shreve said he could, given twenty-four hours. Again he went down to the batture in front of the levee where the *Enterprise* lay anchored off shore—her great draft kept her from coming close into bank. He loaded her up with food and other supplies for the fort. Then, for armor, he placed a tier or two of cotton bales along her side, forward and abaft her wheel houses—the first time that the tough, spongy cotton fibres were used for ship-armor. Something like a half century later both Confederate and Union navies were to employ "cotton-clad" gunboats on these same mighty waters.

Fog and night dropped over the Mississippi. The *Enterprise* stole away downstream, hugging the far shore closely. The watchful enemy sighted her and fired; a few spent balls buried themselves in the cotton bales. But the intrepid captain kept on, reached the fort, re-reprovisioned it, and brought his ship back to New Orleans.

This accomplishment won Old Hickory's warmest commendation and resulted in Shreve's brief but satisfactory term as an army officer. For some weeks after the battle Jackson kept him and his ship constantly at work as a transport, exchanging prisoners of war. Then,

something far more important than the casual accomplishments indicated above.

For it was this same Henry Shreve who was able to demonstrate to a questioning citizenry and a doubting Congress that Jefferson's sinking of that fifteen million dollars in the Louisiana Purchase was a fine investment after all. How? By providing the American South and Midlands with a workable steamboat—a dependable means of transportation (which he did as a direct result of his trip north with the *Enterprise* following the battle), and by securing to future generations the incontestable free right to navigate



**They laughed, did the good people of Wheeling, when the keel of the Washington was laid, for its design was something brand new. But Captain Henry Shreve (inset) made them back water. Below, a steamboat has a little difficulty getting up the creek Down South**

with the general's thanks and goodbyes in his ears, Captain Shreve turned the *Enterprise's* nose upstream once more on a nerve-racking trip to the Ohio.

And thus the name of Henry Shreve passes from the military history of the United States. Mighty few Americans apparently know anything more (if they know even that) about him. Yet this country owes him a big debt. And for

the waters of the Mississippi system whenever and however they pleased.

We hear a great deal these days about monopolies, and a too close tie-up between Government and business. Out there on the Mississippi—the "West" of those days—even at the time Shreve was bringing the *Enterprise* up through big bends of the cotton coast, a huge and

*(Continued on page 40)*







**H**OW much junk do you have? Surprise yourself by taking an inventory to find out just how much rubber and metals—now so vital to our war effort—is rotting and rusting away in odd corners of your home, farm or plant. Junk? No such thing. These odds and ends are the materials of victory and a lot of the production program depends upon just how efficiently the so-called junk is collected and fed into the mills for reprocessing.

Then, the next step in the program is to get the Post's salvage committee organized on a systematic basis and a regular round of collection started. The salvage campaigns are natural for the Legion with its Posts in nearly every community and its affiliated bodies and other groups with which it works in a common cause, ready to furnish the manpower. What a magnificent response there was to National Commander Stambaugh's call for Legion coöperation in the rubber salvage campaign.

There was no time for build-up or advance publicity. The President called for a clean-up of all available rubber beginning on June 15th. Rubber is America's Number One essential scrap, and some hundreds of thousands of tons are needed to feed into the nation's yawning war industries to keep production up to the peak. The National Commander on June 13th sent a telegraphic appeal to each Department calling for the utmost effort in the collection drive. The opening date found the Legion ready—even though there was no time for planning a campaign—to take up the work of gathering in the "scrap harvest." Though it is too early to give a report of exact accomplishment, and no complete report can ever be made because in many places the Legion joined its forces with those of the community at large, the campaign will not be called closed until the need has passed or every available piece of scrap rubber has been sent to the mill.

But to get back to the question, how much junk do you have? At least one Legionnaire knows. He is Leslie R. Muehling, a member of Jerome Goldman



Moscarella Post of Spring Valley, New York, makes a scrap harvest finance a fine patriotic program

# ANY *Junk* TODAY?

Post of St. Louis, Missouri, who was surprised when he completed an inventory of scrap stuff around his place. The assortment included two victrolas, 50 records, 112 music rolls, 100 books, 50 magazines, a steel safe door, 1,200 used razor blades, auto jack and rack, two flat irons, flashlights, hose nozzles, rubber

hose, metal signs, various hinges and locks, newspapers, cardboard, scrap metal, and a lot of other assorted items that were of no use to him. He knew what to do with part of this material, where to take it for disposition, but some of the stuff stumped him.

Legionnaire Muehling's problem is one that has bothered a lot of people who have essential metals and scrap to dispose of and do not know where to take it. That is another job for the Post's



The Legion, ladies and Boy Scouts assembled at Albany, California, to open a drive for aluminum. Mayor Hays and Judge Hardie led in pledge to the flag



salvage committee. Find out and have readily available information about the disposal of every form of scrap and junk. If that information cannot be had locally, get in touch with the nearest office of the Bureau of Industrial Conservation, the scrap and salvage section of the War Production Board. There's an office in every State.

Now that we are in a total war, if we are to survive the onslaughts of Axis barbarism every ounce of human energy—and even of scrap materials—must be directed towards winning that war. We must revise our values, and we must remember that there can be no waste—that every piece of material must be put to work in its proper place and proper element. Under the circumstances, when the freedom of the peoples of the world depends to a great extent upon American production of planes, tanks, and materials and munitions of every sort and character, it seems little short of criminal to withhold any part of this wealth of wartime scrap treasure, which amounts to millions of tons of potential military might.

The pinch of raw materials has, with only a little more than half a year of total war behind us, affected our industries in a way that would have been called unbelievable and incredible a year ago. We have always had plenty of everything. Our mines, quarries, oil fields and other sources of our everyday essentials drawn from a lavish source of natural resources, have always produced more than a growing population could use. In fact we have been wasteful of our natural resources. Now comes the pinch, and we must turn to the despised scrap pile and draw from it the resources that will bring victory.

The waste paper campaign is an earnest of what can be done, though it might with justice be argued that waste paper is the easiest of all scrap to collect. Paper waste came in such tidal waves that warehouses in the industrial centers were soon filled and, in some places, some dealers burned part of the stock. Even though there is a surplus this summer, the time may come when all this paper waste will be needed and needed badly to make new paperboard for food containers, for the fabrication of airplane and tank parts, for ammunition and for perhaps hundreds of other articles not now included in wartime production. Our people are learning the lesson of conservation the hard way—but learn it we must.

The first big salvage campaign of just a year ago when volunteer units were mustered to gather aluminum scrap did not pan out (no pun, though most of the pans were aluminum) as well as had been hoped. In fact, nearly a year later figures were released showing that only about



forty-five percent of the estimate had been realized in the nationwide collection. But that was before war came and then there was no immediate urge or pressure to cause expenditure of energy in digging up discarded pots and pans. Now, with the importance of each call impressed upon the mind of John Citizen, there can and must be no lagging. Legion shock troops, and their allies, the Sons of the Legion, Boy Scouts and other associated groups, must see to it that there is a complete and immediate response to every call.

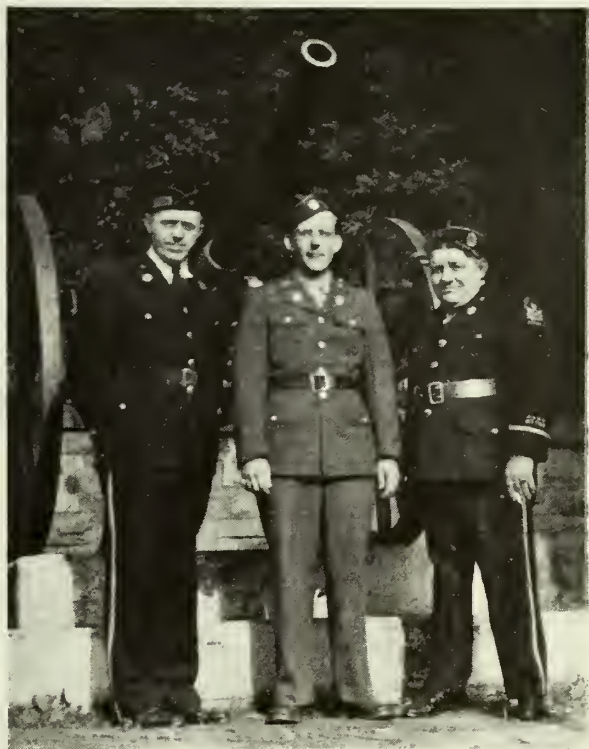
One Post can be cited, perhaps not as a model but as an example of a well organized unit for salvage of vital materials. That is Moscarella Post of Spring Valley, New York. That Post, at the first threat of our involvement in Hitler's war, organized a brigade of civilians and gave military and civilian service training under skilled and competent leaders. At last report 87 members of this volunteer brigade were in the armed services; three are in officers' training schools, twelve have been made sergeants, and others have won promotion traceable to their early training in the Spring Valley Brigade. The brigade continues, replacements come to take the place of the men called into service, to receive training and, while waiting for military service, to function in the various phases of civilian defense activities.

Now what has that to do with the collection of scrap?

Just this. Scrap has played a big part in financing the program of training, and it continues to provide revenue. First it was waste paper. Moscarella Post organized its Salvage Committee, bought a salvage truck and went into the business on a big scale. All scrap is grist to its mill, but at first the Committee specialized on waste paper, which brought in an average of approximately \$40

per week. Collection of the scrap is made by Legionnaires, Boy Scouts and members of the Brigade, under the supervision of Legionnaire James List, handicapped by blindness, who not only supervises the business but who, with his own hands, bales a goodly portion of the paper brought in. Every collection campaign must be fitted to the section from which the "scrap harvest" is to be garnered, but Tony Milewsky, Chairman of the Post's Honor Roll Committee, will be glad to give further information about the plans which have succeeded so well at Spring Valley. Just write him in care of the Post.

Another campaign that seems to be a natural for the Legion, its Auxiliary and affiliated and associated groups is that now being carried on for the salvage of old phonograph records. The purpose is



Woodrow Wilson Post, East Pittsburgh, Pa., sends its old cannon into the salvage pile with blessing of the Borough Council. Legionnaire Thomas E. Morris and son, Private Robert Morris, pose with Adjutant Henry G. Beamer, first member of the Post to be called to active military service

The Japs won't be yelling "Bangai" no more, once we start giving them the ole Bang-zowie!!



to turn in the old ones to make new ones, and many of America's most distinguished musical artists have volunteered their time and talent to make the new platters. Again it is the shortage of essential materials—shellac, which is practically unobtainable, and other elements that go into the making of the records can be recovered from the old ones. The Legion and Auxiliary, working together, have undertaken to dig up 37,500,000 of these discarded records—there are some few in nearly every home. Attics and closets throughout the coun-



try will be searched to provide the materials for canned music for our fighting men. Kate Smith has something to say about this program, on page 14 of this issue.

"Just a lot of junk!"

Take a line out of the philosophy of an old chap this department once knew who insisted that there was no such thing as dirt or waste. The despised article was just something out of its normal place. Junk is not junk—the scrap heap contains the rubber, the metals and the greases that will help to bring us victory. And it is the Legion's job, and patriotic duty, to see that these materials get to the places where they will do the most good.

### Most Useful Citizen

"For his untiring, unselfish service to his community, development of citizenship and promotion of junior activities and Americanism," Paul J. Sevenich of Everett, Washington, was honored by the first award of the Americanism Citation granted by the Department of Washington.

Authorized in 1939, the Americanism award is presented an outstanding resident of the State each year, but it was not until 1941 that the plans were fully completed and the selection made of the first person to be honored. The several Posts of the Department present the names of their candidates for the honor and these nominations are considered by a board composed of the immediate Past Department Commander and four other active Legionnaires. The first board is composed of James M. Green, Cashmere, Chairman of the Department Americanism Committee; Dr. Fred M. Lash, Buckley, Department Education Chairman; Rudy I. Nichols, Monroe and Everett, Junior Past Department Commander; Harvey Leach, Seattle, and John Hedberg, Everett, members of the Department Americanism Commission.

Presentation was made to Mr. Sevenich, who is not eligible to Legion membership, by Department Commander Richard B. Ott, at a public meeting held



Richard B. Ott, Commander, Department of Washington, presents first Americanism citation to Paul J. Sevenich



in Everett, Washington, his home.

### Cub Pack Glee Club

Wilshire Post of Los Angeles, California, has a Cub Glee Club made up of members of the Post-sponsored Boy Scout Cub Pack which was recently featured in a two-hour program at Victory House in Pershing Square, Los Angeles. The meeting was held in furtherance of the sale of War Bonds and Stamps. A thirty-

minute portion of the entertainment was later broadcast over radio station KFWB, Hollywood.

The program was arranged by Mrs. E. B. Hershberger, who is shown standing at the extreme right of the picture on the next page. Others standing, left to right, are: Chevronette Lila Deane of Victory House; E. B. Hershberger, Cub Chairman, BSA, West Wilshire Division, and Harold W. Nash, Commander Wilshire Post.

Cub Tommy Jack Richards, 11, shown at the extreme left in the rear row, was presented with a Boy Scout citation for heroism in recognition of his bravery in rescuing his little sister from the second story of their burning home. Cub Bugler Stephen Snow, seated in front row, center, opened the program with the call "To The Colors."

The large United States Flag in the background was made by the boys of the Cub Pack out of crepe paper flowers. The Glee Club has entertained a number of veterans' organizations, the California State Guard, and soldiers in several Army camps.

### It's A Natural

An air raid shelter large enough to provide temporary refuge to the people of Mt. Horeb, Wisconsin, is the boast of Commander I. A. Lavik and Air Raid Warden Raymond Bakken of the town's



Commander Teresa Berlin of Edith Work Ayers Post, Cleveland, Ohio, presented a flag to Miss Olga Benderhoff, Chief Nurse of the Lakeside Unit, at the Union Station when the Unit was leaving for overseas duty



Frank E. Malone Post. The shelter, a natural cave known as the Cave of the Mounds, was discovered only three years ago during blasting operations for road rock.

The cave is well suited for a shelter since there is thirty-five feet of solid limestone above the roof of the highest rooms, some of which are thirty feet high. It is lighted with electricity and has natural ventilation throughout its 1,000 feet of explored length. The Wishing Well, into which visitors toss coins with hopes and prayers, gave up \$792.75 for the Red Cross, British War Orphans Fund and Wisconsin Bomber Fund last year.

On May 14th, at the invitation of Legionnaire Carl Brechler and his associate, Fred Hanneman, Frank E. Malone Post and Auxiliary held a joint meeting at the cave and after the meeting were taken on a tour of inspection. Seventy-seven Legionnaires and one hundred and eleven members of the Auxiliary tramped the full length of this air raid shelter created by nature.

## Symphonic Orchestra

A representative group of American citizens of a half dozen national origins with a common interest—a love for music—have banded together to form the Stelton Symphonic Orchestra under the sponsorship of Steelton (Pennsylvania) Post of The American Legion. There are more than two dozen of them—men, women and children—and they come from all walks of life; they range in ages from fourteen to seventy and all live in the Harrisburg and Steelton areas.

Steel workers, an oil company salesman, a barber, several school children and a county official are among the group of musicians who gather at the Post headquarters each Sunday afternoon for rehearsal. The orchestra gave its first concert on June 19, 1941, just five months after its first rehearsal, and has continued since that time. It is also giving concerts in U.S.O. centers and other institutions. The group works under the direction of Dennis Zala and the management of E. R. Howels.

## Radio Program

In a studio filled with prominent Legionnaires, Cuyahoga County Council, which includes the city of Cleveland, Ohio, with fitting ceremonies concluded twenty-six weeks of radio broadcasting in support of the country's war effort. The Council's fifty-four Posts, as well as the general public, were greatly strengthened and quickened in war work as a result of the weekly broadcast.

The series of programs titled "The American Legion Speaks" began five days



A Cub Pack Glee Club, sponsored by Wiltshire Post of Los Angeles, was featured in a War Bond sales program



after Japan hurled its first attack on Pearl Harbor and ended in early June with a special half-hour radio show, at which the Council presented Station WHK with a testimonial scroll and a silk American flag. The presentation was made by County Commander Richard L. (Dick) Kroesen and Radio Chairman

Herman P. Scharf. The acceptance was made by General Manager H. K. Carpenter on behalf of the United Broadcasting Company, operators of Stations WHK and WCLE.

Reviewing the many contributions

made by Cuyahoga County Council toward America's war effort, speakers recalled that at the first broadcast National Commander Lynn Stambaugh's stirring appeal at the beginning of the war was put on the air; meetings were organized for the completion of civilian defense plans; volunteers were enrolled for defense tasks; financial, moral and physical support were enlisted for the sale of War Bonds and Stamps; aid was solicited for the American Red Cross in its appeals for funds, workers and blood donors; speakers were enlisted and much radio time was devoted to the local drives for scrap metal and other materials. All this was in addition to radio promotion of the Legion's own projects.

(Continued on page 49)



Legionnaires and Auxiliaries of Frank E. Malone Post, Mt. Horeb, Wisconsin, inspect a newly discovered cave. What an air raid shelter!





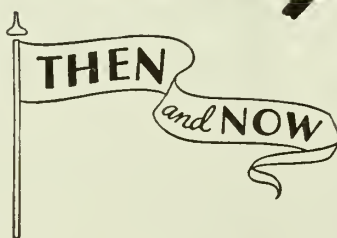
# "Smiling Through!"

Crutch cases home-ward-bound on the U.S.S. *DeKalb* in 1919 showed that the old American spirit was still there

THERE'S no question about it. They can give it—and how!—and when the fortunes of war so demand, they can take it and still come up smiling! No use in telling you that we're talking about American fighting men and women, those soldiers and sailors and marines and nurses of our vintage of 1917-18 and those men of our present Army who follow in our footsteps, although in a greater and fiercer World War.

Proof needed to support our statement? Well, how about that group of smiling doughboys which we are proud to show at the top of this page?—a "crutch company" of disabled men, some of whom we are sure literally got back onto their feet after a time, others who will carry their burdens of battle for life.

Thanks go to two fellow Legionnaires for sending us this exceptionally fine



example of American grit—to ex-gob Frank Wenner, to whom the photograph belongs, and to Past Commander Raymond Haupt, both of Manitowoc, Wisconsin, and both active members of Guy Drews Post in that city. Upon Wenner's request, Commander Haupt submitted the photograph with this letter:

"Frank Wenner, a mem-

ber of our Post, who served his hitch as a fireman on the U. S. S. *DeKalb*, asked me to send the enclosed picture which he thought you might like to use in Then and Now. With casualties of the present war being brought home from fighting fronts, the picture seems to be timely.

"The doughboys were members of a 'crutch company' aboard the *DeKalb* on their way home. This was not a hospital ship but an army transport that had been used during the fighting for auxiliary cruiser duty. Wenner reports that this group of disabled men was outstanding among the thousands of doughboys that the *DeKalb* carried back to the States. No matter how serious their wounds or disabilities, these men were so enthused about being headed





for home that nothing could dampen their spirits and crew members always referred to them as the happiest group it carried.

"The *DeKalb* was the former German raider *Prinz Eitel Friederich*, which reputedly sank forty Allied ships before coming into the Norfolk Navy Yards at Portsmouth, Virginia, where she was interned in 1915 or 1916 until our country entered the war. She was then conditioned and commissioned in our transport service as the U. S. S. *DeKalb* and made eight round trips to Europe after the Armistice as an army transport. Of the 8,949 men who returned on her from the A. E. F., 3,868 were sick or wounded, and in all, she carried 20,332 men to and from Europe. She was placed out of commission on September 6, 1919.

"On one of her trips, a short way out of Brest, while hostilities were still going on, a torpedo went directly under her stern and hit the *Covington*, alongside, causing the *Covington* to sink. This happened on July 1, 1918, and six Navy enlisted men lost their lives.

"On one of the early trips, the original log books of the *Eitel Friederich* kept by her German officers were all dumped into the fire holds and some members of the crew who could read German learned from them about the various raids she had made on Allied and American shipping and it was in these logs that the claim of forty sinkings was made.

"Comrade Wenner hopes that some of the disabled men shown in his photograph will recognize themselves or that some buddies might identify men in the group. The photograph was taken by the paymaster of the ship and copies of it were sold to the troops and members of the crew. Wenner would like to get letters from former shipmates and also from some of those smiling crutch soldiers who sailed with him on one of the *DeKalb's* trips—just what date he fails to remember."

**S**TIRRED no doubt by the gallant role being played by the Navy, with the aid of its air arm and the air forces of the Army, in this present war, ex-gobs have been more generous than usual in



submitting pictures and stories for The Company Clerk's consideration. So, making it two in a row in this issue, we present another representative of that branch of the service, ex-Chief Carpenter's Mate W. J. Schwarz of 644 2d Street, Kent, Washington, from whom came the pictures of the



church services and the boxing bout aboard his old ship the U. S. S. *Mongolia*.

This long a period after our war ended, we think it safe to pass on to the Then and Now Gang a yarn of an unusual circumstance in the Navy back in 1919, and perhaps Comrade Schwarz may obtain the picture to which he refers:

"Due to the fact that there were not enough transports to accommodate the thousands of soldiers who were awaiting shipment to the States in 1919, many of the men stowed away. This became so common that our ship, the *Mongolia*, had a brig, in the form of an iron cage, made at the shipyard and the stowaways were courtmartialed and sent back to the A. E. F. in it.

"On one of the return trips to France, the chief 'sparks' took pictures of the out-of-luck soldiers with my kodak, as I was busy at my work. I developed and

printed the pictures and gave one to each of the soldier prisoners, as they said they would like to have it to remember their experience if they ever got back to the good old U. S. A.

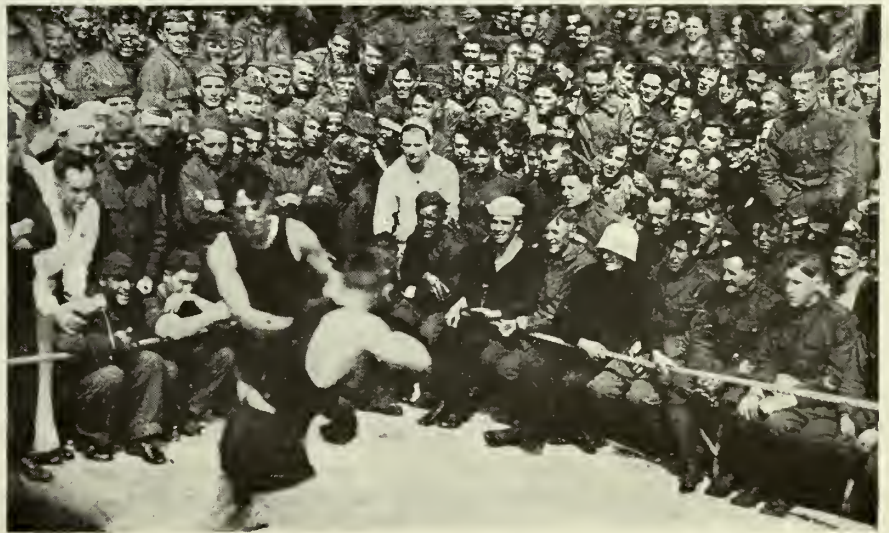
"I then forgot all about the matter, but only for a short time. A few days later an orderly came down to the carpenter shop and said the captain wanted to see me. I didn't think this unusual, as in my position as carpenter's mate, I was often called by him in the line of my work.

"He proceeded to show me a print of the picture of the prisoners and asked if I had taken it. I answered that I had not—and on being asked who had, I said the chief radio operator, so he sent for the latter and for my photographing partner, Harlow, chief commissary steward. The three of us could see he was provoked about something, but did not know just what.

"The picture was then shown to us three and he said that if the newspapers should ever get it and publish it, it would give the ship a bad name.



Returning doughboys participated, above, in divine services and, below, enjoyed an Army-Navy boxing bout aboard the U. S. S. *Mongolia* in 1919







Was the 1st Battalion, 47th Infantry, distinctive in having both Y and K. of C. girls assigned to their outfit? At left, two Y girls with officers at Dümpelfeld; at right, K. of C. girls and again officers, at Coblenz-Lützel—both places in the Occupied Area of Germany

"I couldn't see anything wrong in telling the truth or showing a picture of an actual happening, but the captain didn't see it that way. He said for the toss of a coin he would disrate us—but instead he took the prints, films and the keys to our developing studio and announced there would be no more photographing while he was captain of the ship. But luck being with us, he was transferred when we got into New York.

"If any of the unwilling soldier passengers on the outbound trip of the *Mongolia* still has one of the pictures in his possession I would like to hear from him.

"The pictures I am enclosing—uncensored—show divine services being conducted on deck by the ship's chaplain, Father McFadin, for returning doughboys, and a boxing bout between the Army and Navy, a doughboy and a gob, on one of our trips. I took the pictures myself, but failed to record the dates or trips. Wonder if any vets will recognize themselves in either group?"

**C**LAIMS of "firsts" in service, claims of "lasts" in service and claims of various and sundry kinds have often been broadcast in these columns—and for what purpose? Quite often merely to be knocked cold by better and bigger

claims. But as long as members of the Gang want to stick their necks out, we're willing to go along with them. Saying which, we introduce, along with the two



pictures showing fair welfare workers, with a supporting cast of 'officers only,' Past Post Commander M. Frank Egan of Olkosky-Jessop Post, Emporium, Pennsylvania, who sets forth his boast:

"Perhaps I can stir up another argument. What combat units were lucky enough to have had both Knights of Columbus girl workers and Y. M. C. A. girl workers with their outfits? I believe perhaps the 1st Battalion, 47th Infantry, 4th Division, may alone rate that honor, and I am sending herewith two pictures to prove my point.

"One picture shows the Y girls in front of 1st Battalion Headquarters Officers' Mess in Dümpelfeld, Germany. It was taken one Sunday after dinner by a traveling German photographer. In the group is also a K. C. man secretary who dropped in for dinner that day, along with a visiting officer from some other unit. The two Y girls, after much plotting on the part of several officers of our Battalion, were able to follow the Battalion on each of its successive moves—to Remagen, Neuenahr, Güls, Bendorf, and I think, Vallendar, all in the Occupied Area.

"Then while the 1st Battalion Headquarters were in Vallendar, Germany, we also had with us three Knights of Columbus girl workers, as shown in the other picture, a camera shot taken at Coblenz-Lützel, Germany, just a few minutes before our train pulled out with  
(Continued on page 51)



Officers of the 24th Aero Squadron at Vavincourt, France, November 12, 1918. A French Salmson plane in background. These ex-flyers may have a copy of the picture by reporting to Fred P. Kirschner, who served in the Squadron



# IT'S KANSAS CITY *Again*



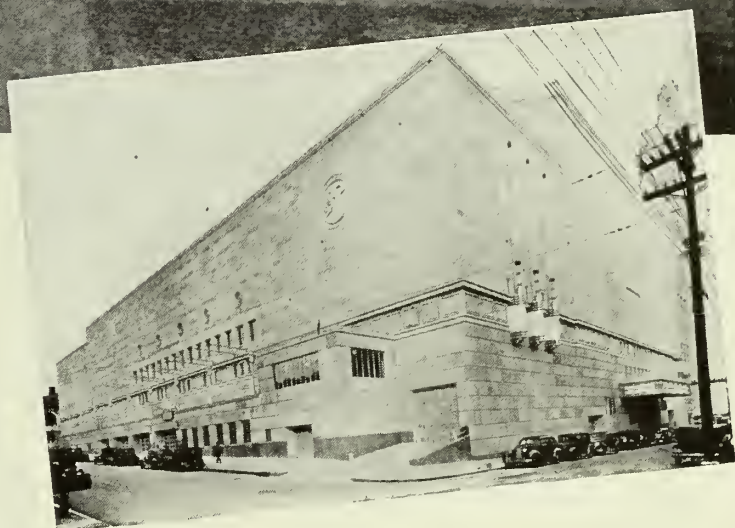
Where the bulk of the delegates will arrive for the convention: Union Station at Kansas City, with the Memorial Plaza, dedicated during the 1921 convention, in the foreground. At right, the magnificent Municipal Auditorium, where convention sessions will be held

**I**N 1921 Kansas City was host to one of the greatest National Conventions The American Legion has ever held. It was a memorable meeting, great in attendance, great in the presence of the leaders of the armed forces of the Allied Powers in the World War, and great in accomplishment.

Now, in 1942, twenty-one years later, The American Legion is going back to Kansas City for perhaps the most important meeting the organization will hold within the lifetime of the men who organized it. There will be brought together an official, working body whose sole purpose will be to review the progress made in the prosecution of the war and to take such action as will best serve to bring that war to a quick and victorious finish. The Legion, through its representatives, will speak in a tone of thunder. Let there be no doubt about that.

The dates are September 19, 20 and 21, and Kansas City, the "Heart of America" is the place.

When the exigencies of our war effort halted the facilities for general travel, one of the first to realize the situation was the Convention Corporation of the city of New Orleans, under whose direction elaborate plans had been made for a meeting there worthy of the Crescent City and of the



Legion. Gracefully, New Orleans relinquished all claims and, at a special meeting of the National Executive Committee, the Convention was moved to Kansas City where, it is believed, the inland location and network of railroads threading that immediate area will permit the gathering of a limited number of official representatives without seriously hampering the flow of transportation of men, materiel and munitions to the camps and ports.

Under the resolution adopted by the National Executive Committee the Convention will be streamlined to meet the war situation; there will be no parades, no contests, no social functions. It will be a working convention composed of elected delegates only from each of the fifty-eight Departments and a limited number of members of the Standing Committees. Curtailment is likewise made in the meetings of the Auxiliary, the Forty and Eight (*Continued on Page 42*)

## THE LEGION'S NATIONAL CONVENTION, SEPT. 19-21



# The Man Who Conquered the World

(Continued from page 19)

In equipping this natural soldier Genghis Khan showed his genius for planning and detail. The Mongol's armor was of rawhide leather, hardened and lacquered. Each man had two bows, one for use on horseback, one for greater precision on foot. He had three types of arrows: for long, medium and close range. The heavy, steel-tipped short-range arrows were designed to pierce armor. Each trooper carried an emergency ration of dried milk curd; half a pound would nourish him for a day's fighting. He had spare bowstrings, and wax and needle for repair work. He carried his equipment in a leather bag which could be inflated for crossing streams. There was frequent inspection, and if a trooper had lost any of his outfit he was severely punished.

The army was built in units of 10's, 100's, 1000's, and 10,000's. Beside the fighters there were the auxiliary troops: the engineers and specialists who operated stone-throwing catapults and other siege machinery, the quartermaster's corps, a remount service, arsenal keepers, a lost and found department. And back of the army was the nation, all working to produce food and equipment for the army and themselves living on as little as possible.

The tactics developed by Genghis Khan were a marvel of precision acquired by intensive training. The battle formation was in five ranks, the squadrons separated by wide intervals. In front were the shock troops. Heavily armored, they used sabers, lances and maces. At the rear were the mounted bowmen.

The bowmen advanced at a gallop through the intervals between shock troop squadrons, and opened fire while riding at full tilt. At close range the archers would dismount, shift to their heavier bows and put in volleys of the heavy arrows.

The essence of the attack was an intensity and concentration of fire thitherto unknown.

When the enemy was disorganized the shock troops charged to complete the rout. It was a smooth-working combination, perfectly coordinated. There were no shouted commands. Orders were communicated by waving black and white flags.

The Mongol attack won by superiority in weapons, speed in bringing those weapons into contact with the enemy, and then rapidity and accuracy of fire. The armies of China, the dashing warriors of Islam, the knights and men-at-arms of Christendom, all broke before the Mongol hail of arrows. They were like troops with muskets trying to face machine guns. Usually the enemy was in

panic before the Mongol shock troops charged.

Genghis Khan was also a great strategist. Although his armies were outnumbered, he usually had the most troops on hand at the actual point of battle. He knew how to divide the enemy's forces and concentrate his own. He was a master of deception, turning up in one place when the foe expected him in another. He won by flanking movements rather than by costly direct attacks. He was always cutting the enemy's line of supplies.

His campaigns were based on speed, on his ability to outmarch the enemy two to one. His swift columns would penetrate the opposing armies, cut them into segments, methodically annihilate them. He moved past the strongly-held fortresses, leaving them to fall later.

There was no brilliant improvising in the course of a war. The plan of a campaign was thought out and decided to the last detail months before the enemy knew there was going to be a war. His plans were so thorough that he could send three or four separate armies into a country, to operate hundreds of miles apart, with little or no communication, yet have all of them work in smooth coordination to converge at the central objective.

Some of Genghis Khan's wars were half won by propaganda before he put an army in the field. In the use of words as weapons of war no commander has surpassed this barbarian who couldn't read or write.

His intelligence service operated in

each country that he planned to attack. His fifth column was the caravan merchants. Through them he hired agents in the enemy country. He studied the foe's geography, his people and politics. He sought out disaffected elements and set one group against another.

His spies reported that the Sultan's mother, jealous of her son's power, had gathered a group of noble followers. Genghis Khan dictated a letter to her. It pretended to be in answer to one of hers, thanked her for her offer to help. He saw to it that the messenger carrying the letter was captured by the Sultan. Then Genghis Khan marched, and when his armies crossed the frontier they found the country not far short of civil war.

The Khan had his Quislings in many lands. He bribed dishonest politicians. His agents discovered that the Chinese war minister had been embezzling funds. When the news was spread it caused a disruptive political crisis in China just as the Mongols were marching to the attack.

He also used propaganda as a weapon of terror. It was his regular practice to remind the country he planned to invade of the dreadful things that had happened to others who had resisted the Great Khan. Submit or be annihilated, he warned. It didn't matter what the answer was. If his foes submitted he marched in and annihilated them anyway.

He used propaganda skilfully at home to build up morale. He extolled the soldier's profession, made it seem natural that all others in the nation should slave



"Five gallons, please!"



and toil to keep the soldier in the field. He taught his people that the Mongols were a race apart, superior to all others. It was a phony theory, of course. The races, then as now, were of mixed descent.

With him terrorism was a cold and passionless policy. As he marched out of conquered China he carried with him scores of thousands of captives. He worked them hard on the road. When he was beyond the wall and needed them no longer he killed them all in one day.

If a city resisted him he burned the place and slaughtered men, women and children. It was a thorough process. When his army marched away he left a few of his men and a handful of captives concealed in the ruins. Later the captives were forced to go about the city shouting that the Mongols had gone. When the few inhabitants who had escaped emerged from hiding, the Mongols killed them, too. The heads of

corpses were cut off to prevent any from feigning death. In one city alone 500,000 civilians were slaughtered. History can only guess at how many scores of millions died because of Genghis Khan.

**S**UCH was the military machine with which Genghis Khan conquered the world. He died on a campaign in 1227, aged 66, at the height of his power.

After his death the machine went rolling on. His successors finished the conquest of China, north and south. They penetrated into India. They were the lords of all Asia. They drove deeper into Europe, beat the Hungarians, Poles, Germans. None could stand against them. The Mongol power was still supreme under Kubli Khan, grandson of Genghis.

It fell apart at last in the hands of degenerate descendants. Today the Mongols, once again, are only a weak group

of nomad tribes. Karakorum has vanished under the drifting sands of the Gobi. Its very name is almost forgotten.

But the name of Genghis Khan is not forgotten by soldiers. So General MacArthur suggests a closer study of the great Mongol's conceptions of "the unvarying necessities of war," separated from "the ghastly practices of his butcheries, his barbarism and his ruthlessness." "They stand revealed as kernels of eternal truth, as applicable today in our effort to produce an efficient army as they were . . . seven centuries ago."

Others have been reading the history of Genghis Khan for those "kernels of eternal truth"—and without separating them from the butcheries and the barbarism. In German there are five full-length technical studies of the military system of the great Mongol. There is none in English.

It is obvious how much the Germans have learned from that study.

## Not Always in Uniform, But—

*(Continued from page 11)*

in spoiling many efforts by enemy agents or American subverts at spying and propaganda. One started with abusive postcards to President Roosevelt, written apparently by several anonymous soldiers who claimed they had been "double-crossed." The postmark was a civilian post office near three military camps, and hoping to detect the same writing, C. I. C.'s checked 32,000 different pieces of mail. They even sent all soldiers in the district an official "questionnaire" carefully framed to require the writing in of words used in the postcards. Still no soap.

So the C. I. C. began asking Senators and Congressmen: "Have you received any cards like this?" Sure enough, one produced from his "skunk file" of the crack-pot mail every public man gets, a violently disloyal card with the same writing, signed by a "mothers" appeaser organization with headquarters in Detroit. One "mother" in Pennsylvania had been faking the cards to look as if they came from several soldiers, and sending them to a German-American soldier, who in turn mailed them from a town near his camp.

Since Pearl Harbor, propaganda to weaken soldiers' morale shows desperation. "You are fighting for the Jews!" it screams. And the soldiers reply, "Nertz!" Hitler's attack on Russia turned the Communists' "this is an imperialist war" propaganda to a violently patriotic helpfulness. But a few frenzied Fascists, like Herbert Schmuederrich, a naturalized citizen, kept sending soldiers pamphlets urging revolt for Hitler until the C. I. C. caught him. His "Grey Shirts" were one of many subversive organizations it knows about, including

pro-Japanese, Filipino, Spanish and Negro groups of fanatical trouble-makers. Reliable information about such groups is always welcome.

The biggest spy-hunting grounds, after Hawaii, are the Pacific and Atlantic coasts. Of our 127,000 Japanese, 93,000 are in California, while many of the 695,000 Italians and 315,000 Germans unnaturalized are in the East. Prominent Japanese business men and priests have been detected in military espionage, while one Donay, a German in our Army, was the first alleged spy caught since Pearl Harbor and now faces trial for his life. Rene Froelich, a German-born trainee, was detected sending military information from First Army headquarters at Governors Island.

All military spies, though prosecuted by the F. B. I., are turned up largely by the C. I. C. Its sergeants are unrecognized by those who try to send abroad information of our increasingly formidable Army. Their grapevine may be short-wave radio, if only to submarines. The Army believes the submarines may land spies to collect reports, which may also be sent to Germany via sailors on Dutch, Norwegian or other ships. The domestic mail, still uncensored, may transmit information sent by many who are ignorant of just what such information is. Here is the C. I. C.'s warning:

"Don't repeat information about:

"1. Our war plans, or the name, strength, location, movements, morale and equipment of any body of our troops."

"2. The design, performance and production of that equipment."

Such "intelligence" is God's gift to the enemy, and the American tendency

to tell the world is God's gift to spies—but for one thing. A key secret of secret service is to have plenty of good informants, such as intelligent, inquisitive and communicative Americans. Their free-will letters to "the Government" about spies and subversives are found to assay a surprisingly low percentage of hysterical nonsense, and a surprisingly high percentage of valuable tips. This is the main reason why the Army is now taking outmoded secrecy out of secret service. It wants more such letters. So it tells the Legion how it can help.

First, it says, watch your own selves. Don't be too inquisitive about army matters that don't really concern you personally. Patriotic interest is appreciated, but it will save a lot of trouble for you and the C. I. C. if you don't, for instance, question a sentry about his duties or periods of duty. That will cause instant suspicion, start a time-wasteful investigation.

Then, help the Army tighten up the loose-mouths, or report them. People in Government offices, factories, trains, buses and taverns who broadcast information valuable to the enemy are killing American soldiers. The War Department calls them "Blabboteurs" and lately issued a series of posters on the theme "Loose Talk Can Cost Lives."

Legionnaires can explain what loose talk means; that if you tell the world—if only the boys at the club or some good friend—that brother Bill in the Steenth Infantry in the South wants heavy wool socks "in an awful hurry" then the Steenth is probably headed for Iceland. Legionnaires might tell their telephone operator friends to stop listening in on telephone calls to Washington,



and talking about them. And tell their daughters with soldier boy-friends that one poster says: "To Men Only—Don't Tell *Her!*" There might be a companion-piece for the girls: "Don't Ask *Him!*" To one who asked: "How do you like this movie?" the soldier replied: "Swell! Wonder when I'll see another! I sail tomorrow for North Ireland on the transport So-and-so." Yes, that really happened.

And a Legionnaire might tell his friends: "Sure, if you've got the gas, give a soldier a ride, but don't ask him questions. No, you don't look like a spy—but neither does a spy. At least, not the ones in that racket. They don't wear false whiskers and talk with accents. They're nice-looking people, and speak good English—as our soldiers have been warned."

They have heard of several spies working that one, notably Kurt Ludwig,

who toured the country with a girl friend, spotting aircraft factories, ascertaining their output, even photographing them. Soldiers know both were "nice-looking people." Soldiers may report you—or even sock you.

And don't repeat rumors. A rumor-monger sticks a knife in the back of the nation's morale. If you spot one, keep an eye on him; also on anyone who seems too inquisitive. But keep that eye a calm eye; don't *act* suspicious—*be* suspicious, then act accordingly by reporting your suspicions and reasons—also calmly. The C. I. C. especially values the help of Legionnaires because they will not scribble and scrawl about "lights flashing." ("They must be signaling.") It wants reliable informants who will answer accurately who, what, where, when and why? And add names and addresses, including additional sources of information.

If it is urgent, ask your telephone Information how to reach the Army's Counter-Intelligence Corps. Or ask the local army recruiting office. If you write a letter, address it to the Counter-Intelligence Corps, War Department, Washington, D. C. That is, of course, if it's about soldiers or Army. If sailors or Navy, address The Office of Naval Intelligence, Navy Department, Washington, D. C. Other war matters to the F. B. I., Department of Justice, Washington, D. C. All work together.

Then forget it. Don't tell others you have telephoned or written. You won't get a letter in reply—not because the C. I. C. is ungrateful or too busy, but because someone else might see the letter—and there is still some secrecy left in secret service. But you'll get your answer—and your thanks—whenever a transport crosses the ocean safely, or a battle is won—and a war.

## Keep the Soldier on His Toes

(Continued from page 25)

first stages, becomes severe enough to incapacitate him, perhaps for only a day or two, possibly for the rest of the war.

That Uncle Sam is not ignorant of these conditions is amply evidenced by the writings of medical officers and by the annual reports of the Surgeon General of the Army himself. Shortly after the last war an excellent manual appeared under the title, "A Manual on Foot Care and Shoe Fitting For Officers of the U. S. Navy and U. S. Marine Corps." It was written by W. L. Mann, M. D., lieutenant-commander in the Marine Corps, and S. A. Folsom, M.D., lieutenant in the same service. In that volume the statement was made that, "The European authorities allow, when unseasoned troops take the field, for 10 percent of incapacitation through preventable foot injuries. More emphatically expressed, should a million citizens spring to arms overnight, there is every reason to expect 100,000 of them to be on the sick-list because of foot disorders."

That book was written 20 years ago and here is what happened just last summer at Camp Fort Bragg. Two hundred of the boys set out on a short march of eight miles. Before they got back between 50 and 60 of them (25 percent of the total) were riding in trucks. Their feet had given out.

The Surgeon General's reports are full of informing figures. In 1939, in a peacetime army of 191,000 men and officers, trained and seasoned, the loss in man-days because of foot troubles was 16,096, not including many thousands of cases of so-called "athlete's foot," which the chiropodist is well qualified to treat. To learn what this will amount to in an army of 1,000,000 men is merely a

matter of multiplication. Work it out and you will find that it totals up pretty close to Mann and Folsom's figures, above.

Serious as this loss in manpower might be in an emergency, it is not the whole story. Uncle Sam is also losing plenty in hard cash, for when a soldier is on the sick list for any cause whatever the Army is not only deprived of his services, perhaps at a critical time, but they are paying his salary just the same as when he is on active duty. If he is sick enough to be in hospital, that adds even more to the expense. Then, if he has to be discharged for disability because he is no longer fit for service, the Government must figure on a pension or disability compensation.

The report for 1939, quoted above, discloses that in that year there were 117 discharges for foot conditions. Over the period from 1916 to 1939 inclusive there were 16,643 discharges for this

cause. The highest number, naturally, was during the first World War. In 1918, when the Army was at its peak with a mean strength of 2,518,497 men, there were 9,135 discharges for foot ailments. This cause was the second highest reason for discharges in that year and only once has it dropped under fourth place. Most of the time it has been the second or third highest cause and in 1937 it ranked first.

Of the first two million men drafted in 1917, 25,426 were rejected by the local examining boards on account of their feet. Then 19,516 more were weeded out in the camps, either because they were missed in the first going over or developed trouble under drill and marching. The total number of rejectees was thus 45,000 men, or three full Divisions, who did not see any service at all because of their feet.

To chiropodists this means that many men were taken into the service who should have been rejected at the very start. On the other hand, many were rejected who could have rendered effective service in non-combatant branches if proper procedures for strengthening their feet had been instituted. Still others were let out for so-called flat foot whose pedal extremities, from a functional standpoint, were perfectly sound.

Take the case of young Bob Fletcher (that is not his name). When Bob stepped into a wet place on the floor and then walked across a dry section, the imprint looked as if he had no arches at all, so the doctor thumbed him out. Yet Bob was a football player, a basketball player, a baseball player, and he hiked four, six, ten miles at a clip for the fun of it. He was flat footed, yes, but not weak-footed and, believe me,



"Awright, I made a mistake—go ahead and fire me."



there is a difference. Many people are born flat footed or with very low arches (there is no norm for the height of an arch: an arch is an arch, high or low) but when it comes to an all day march they are right up in front. When Joe Louis recently went up for his army physical, he was afraid his flat feet would keep him out. Imagine! Those feet have stood up under dozens of tough fights, to

say nothing of months of grueling training, yet Joe was fearful of rejection.

It has been argued by the higher ups in the War Department and Army Medical Corps that the Army doctor himself can take care of all foot conditions; that he must be able to treat everything that ails the soldier because the Army can't afford a lot of specialists. Significantly enough, they once felt the same way

about the dentist. But when the tooth doctors were finally admitted to the medical service they were driven to distraction by the demands made upon them by the military doctors, almost every one of whom were afflicted with tooth decay and jaw trouble. And so great was the demand that the common soldier didn't have a chance until after his superiors had been cared for!

## Mamma Chibout's Yank

(Continued from page 7)

power plant. New violence caused the flame of hope to kindle ever brighter. And as a day passed it was soon forgotten. Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow . . . When you are an old woman of seventy you cannot thrust with a dagger. You merely pray, and are careful who hears you.

Even as the village was throbbing with motor lorries crammed with gray-helmeted faces, even as Mamma Chibout was muttering her simple words of prayer, the scraping sound came at her back door.

She knew at once it was not the machine-flesh dressed in the gray-green of the Boche. For those wreckers of mind and body enter without knocking.

First, Mamma Chibout peeked warily from the front door, and then, seeing no searching vanguard nearby, she pattered through the silent rooms to her back door.

Monsieur Yank reeled inside, and the old woman encircled his waist with her stout, stubby arms.

"M'sieur Yank," she gasped. "You are shot. . . ." She could feel warm blood penetrating her dress.

"Do not be excited, Mom," whispered M'sieur Yank in plausible French. "They just nicked me. But I must hide for a few minutes at least." He grinned in the half light and the old woman could not resist squeezing him just a little.

"You will live, M'sieur Yank; come inside."

"No, no," he replied quickly. "I simply wait inside your door for a moment's rest. I cannot stay. . . ."

"Why cannot you stay?" the old woman demanded.

"It is our purpose to help the people of France. If I am found here, terrible things will happen to you and yours."

She laughed softly, and in the dusk her eyes were bitter. "You and yours," she repeated, and her lips hung open a little. "All of that is just me. I am an old woman. I am alone. Mine . . . are all dead. But this is no time for tears. Come." She pulled him inside the room. The tall, lean-faced youth's protests fell silent upon her ears. There was a tincture of tremor in her voice.

"Lie down on the floor."

"There will be blood. . . ."

A moment. A thud of something outside. Silence. Mamma Chibout wrung a chicken's neck in her kitchen. "I'm not afraid."

"Just a bandage. Then I must go. There is more work."

"Hush!"

Deft fingers working in half dark. Starshine filtering like wrinkled lace through a window against white gauze. The silent wince of pain from M'sieur Yank, and the labored breath of Mamma Chibout. He lay perfectly still.

Soon there would be sounds. It was the element of time again; the Germans used time like a sharp fragment of precision.

"They will search your house."

"Hush! Of course they will." That she was not afraid, as though the entire performance was ordinary, illuminated her character.

She squinted at the youth on the floor. Her cheeks were wrinkled pits. It was very much as if she were turning pages in a book she'd once abandoned. But it was a book she had not forgotten, and when her mind read on as if in fancy, she was glancing into a familiar face. A face that smiled one time before in the face of danger, and a face that, now, was smiling again.

The youth pulled himself to his feet. "I will stand by the door. When they come near. . . ." He breathed hard.

"Do you trust me?" she whispered.

"I trust all true Frenchmen. But listen, Mom . . . you hear? They are coming near. Go to the front of the house. When they knock, detain them as long as possible. I will escape as I came. My leg feels fine."

"Liar!" thought the old woman petulantly. She could see his figure reeling as he tried to stand erect. Finally her eyes opened wide, and she nodded vaguely. "You've lost too much blood. You must trust an old woman. Come."

"Where?"

"A place to hide. Right under their noses." She laughed silently and half hysterically.

The American soldier wondered. . . .

She put one arm about his waist and pulled him to the front room. "But you must stand," she cautioned. "Stand as never before. There . . . in yon corner. That old suit of armor. Inside . . . you

must hurry. And stand. . . ." Her glance shot nervously toward the street.

"As France shall again stand. . . ."

**H**ARDLY had the clank of metal silenced in the room before seven Germans thrust open the door and crowded through. Electric torch beams knifed around and finally focused on the bent figure of Mamma Chibout. The slightest sound from the corner. . . .

"You rouse an old woman at a late hour," she said indignantly.

"We saw a man enter your house," one accused.

The old woman shrugged wearily. "I have been dozing in my chair, gentlemen." She turned and spat on the floor. "If a man has entered my house, no doubt he is still here." She waved at her aged body and cackled. "Though I find no reason why a man should want to enter my house. I am old and ugly."

"Shut up!" snapped the officer. "We will search the house." He waved sharply at his men. They scattered through the house. "If we find him here you will be shot for lying. Come . . . he is here?"

But they did not find M'sieur Yank. "As France shall again stand. . . ." Mamma Chibout kept praying.

**A**FTER the yellow placards began fading in the sun, they were replaced by red ones. "The Gestapo knows that someone in Lille is hiding an enemy. The death penalty will be imposed. . . ."

Once the red placards were read, to oblige. Then, as happened to the yellow ones, the red ones faded. More than ever, silence was the passport for safety. All night long Mamma Chibout would stand rigidly by the front door watching, while M'sieur Yank slept on the floor near the corner. At the first sign of an approaching patrol, she'd wake the youth and he'd crawl inside the suit of armor. And through the day, as the old woman dozed fitfully in a chair, the American would take his place by the window, glancing around the drape to watch the street. It was hide-and-seek with death.

But when the officer with the stiff Prussian face came to take command of the search, Mamma Chibout turned grave. Because the stiff Prussian face had evoked an order. . . .

"All food in town will be taken over



by the Gestapo. Citizens will come to a designated place for their food and eat it there."

So no longer could Mamma Chibout share her meagre food ration with M'sieur Yank.

"What will we do?" she asked him.

"I'll have to chance slipping through the night guard."

"No! You haven't a chance. We must do something." What? An old woman pitting wits against keen-minded Boches. . . .

She felt the weight of something crowding back beyond eons of time. Pierre, her husband, had died by the hand of the Boche in 1916; Henry and Carl, her sons, had died in Belgium last year. And, as before when the hand of France was curling and drying away, the laughter of many daredevil boys in O. D. had come to ring the bells in the mossy old church tower out on the edge of town.

The food line formed—black-shawled women waiting for the food that enabled them to nurse their babies. And something, then, became exciting inside the old woman's head. Of course, she thought, and her gloom vanished under a fresh eagerness. Babies for the France of tomorrow. They, too, must join in sacrifice!

THAT day Mamma Chibout called several women to her home. "We must occupy our minds," she told them. They looked at her face, and they could understand that something momentous was going on behind that face.

The door opened and three Gestapo agents entered. "It is against the Master's orders to hold meetings," Mamma Chibout was warned.

"This is no meeting," snapped the old woman. "We are accustomed to work,

and in the order we now have there is little for us to do."

One of the officers smiled and glanced sharply at some of the young mothers. "I could suggest a very pleasant pastime."

"That is within your power but against our wishes," curtly snapped Mamma Chibout. "What is your pastime is our misery." She chewed her underlip a moment. "We merely meet here to discuss a sewing circle."

The three Germans grunted. "We don't allow meetings in private. It is contrary to Our Leader's wishes."

Mamma Chibout laughed. "Is my house private, sirs? Do you knock when you enter? Pah! You come and go as you please." She wiped her face to quiet a nervous twitching.

The Gestapo men huddled in a corner and discussed the old woman. "All right," one finally grunted. "But remember there are tortures for people who try treachery against the new order of Europe."

"We shall remember."

The afternoon gathering of the sewing circle became quite as common as the public bread line. Mamma Chibout was really too old to do much sewing, so she chose to amuse the babies in another room while the mothers foregathered to sew and chat . . . and serve the cause of a future France.

But the hunt was never for a moment relaxed. Day and night the sound of heavy boots thumped about town. And as darkness would come, a triple guard of bayonets would encircle Lille. No man could escape. It was only a matter of waiting until slow starvation killed the American soldier. Thirty days, six weeks to make certain. Every morsel of food was in German hands. It was the element of time, now. . . .

AND the six weeks passed, and for good measure another two. Motor lorries again began to churn the streets, but this time they were leaving. The stiff Prussian face, waxed with a triumphant smile, vanished in a low-slung official car. Whoever had been hiding the enemy now had a corpse on his hands.

Though M'sieur Yank was not a corpse, he had lost many pounds.

"You are yet too weak to make your escape," cautioned the old woman late one night. "Stay another week."

"Thanks, Mom," smiled the young Commando. "I have plenty of strength." He had a bundle of black bread and cold boiled potatoes under one arm. He tapped the bundle. "This will take me to the coast. There it will be easy. I know where our men land."

Mamma Chibout fondled something in her fingers; a glass object with a rubber bulb on one end. "That brave men might escape. . . ." she prayed. She watched M'sieur Yank standing in the doorway squinting into the darkness. From a distance there was a sound of an explosion. The echo of it rolled over the forest. The young man stiffened.

"Tell the women of Lille . . ."

"The women of France," corrected the old woman softly.

"Tell the women of France . . . that the milk they have given me is food for the candle at the Altar of God."

Mamma Chibout patted the delicate little glass pump.

"The milk from the breasts of the women of France has ever served for the good of France. God was kind that it was enough to keep you alive."

"There were many of you," whispered M'sieur Yank. He stood very tense a moment, and there was a dull, faraway boom. "Good-bye, Mom."

In a moment he was gone.

## Shreve: He Bucked the Current

(Continued from page 27)

sinister combine had a death grip on the trade of the great Valley. Fulton and Livingston, his financial backer, had taken a long-time lease on the Father of Waters. On that part of it, anyhow, that flows through the State of Louisiana, the Governor of that State having given them a patent to the exclusive navigation of the Mississippi for a period of years. The combine had tried unsuccessfully to wangle similar patents from all the other river States; patents which would give them, in return for running their faulty steamships on the western rivers, the sole right to the enjoyment of that privilege.

Now what did that mean? Simply this: Possessed of such a patent, the Easterners could slap a heavy tribute upon any other persons who had the temerity to venture with steam vessels into waters controlled by them. And since practically all the

river trade moved, funnel-wise, southward to New Orleans for export to the Atlantic Seaboard, or abroad, Fulton and Livingston were in a fair way to smother the potential free trade of the entire Mississippi Valley, which waited only a successful medium of carriage to spring into full being.

But the Easterners had reckoned without Captain Henry Shreve, bargeman, artillery officer, river captain, just now bucking the fierce current with his crude sidepaddler, headed north from the delta. The captain, as it turned out, had some pretty decided ideas on steamboat construction and the rights of American citizens.

What a nightmarish experience that return trip from the deep South was for Shreve, we can only surmise. The *Enterprise* was built on a ship's model. She had a deep hull containing her machinery,

and a dragging keel. Had not the river been in flood, she most likely could not have made it over the sand bars and crossings, the shifting reefs, the snags and "sawyers" waiting to snatch the living daylight out of unwary boats.

By the end of that voyage, having brought the *Enterprise* safely back to the Ohio, Shreve had come to a far-reaching conclusion: A totally new type of craft would have to be developed if the western rivers were to become highways along which settlement and civilization could advance and build up the great Mississippi Valley.

But Shreve was a realist. He knew that Fulton had tried it and failed. Nor had Daniel French, part owner in the *Enterprise*, been able to design a steam vessel that could, save in high water, go both up and down stream. Something else was needed—something that ship-



builders had failed to apprehend but which Shreve felt he could supply. And for a very definite reason!

Long years spent in navigating the rivers with barges had taught him that a barge hull—flat-bottomed but with a “model bow”—could go in shallow places, over sandbars and reefs, where the ordinary ship’s hull could never go. Gliding along almost on the surface of the water, like a sled, it offered a very slight resistance to the stiff current.

“If,” Shreve reasoned, “I can build a steam vessel on a barge hull, with machinery light enough not to pull her down in the water and still powerful enough to propel her in the face of this five-mile current, I believe I can solve this matter of a means of transportation. A craft like that would be able to sail on the water instead of in the water; she’d be a steamboat, not a steamship.”

THE good people of Wheeling, Virginia, and environs laughed uproariously when Shreve laid down the keel of his new boat on the Ohio’s shore that fall morning in 1816. Surely a stranger contraption never met the eyes of any river community! To say they were skeptical as to whether she could even turn a wheel, as one may well say, is rather to understate the case. And there was reason for that.

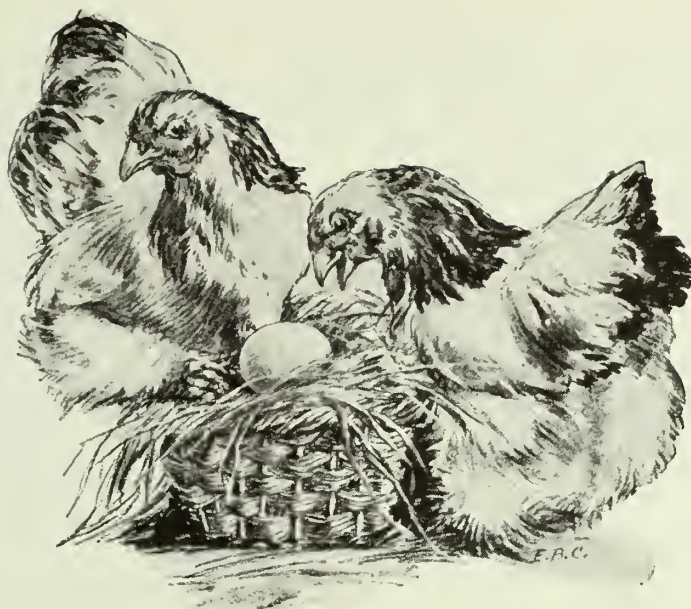
Had not the great Robert Fulton from the East tried without success to run steam vessels on their rivers?

And now—on top of Fulton’s failure—came this presumptuous bargeman, Henry Shreve, who was building a steamboat on a barge hull—a flat-bottomed, shallow draft thing which he had the crazy notion would run on top of the water! For all that, they were willing, these Wheeling people, to be shown! So they waited, fascinated, watching through the winter and the following spring—watched him as he violated every known principle of shipbuilding.

So much depended on his success! The Wheeling folk knew that if he could indeed build a boat to master their rivers, he would have provided the one essential to a happy homeland which the Mississippi Valley lacked. Valley farms and plantations were producing a surplus and there was no way to ship it out save by slow, unsatisfactory barges and flatboats. Valley mills and factories daily turned out a diversified array of manufactured goods which a waiting world needed—if consumer and goods could only be brought together. Could Shreve supply that need? Fulton and French had not been able to.

Meanwhile Shreve went on with his work.

For his material he selected some seasoned beams from Wheeling’s demolished old Indian fortification, Fort Henry. It was about a year after he had returned from the South that he laid down the new boat’s keel, on the 10th day of Sep-



“But with eggs at 50 cents a dozen one can hardly afford to bring up a family.”

tember, 1816. From that keel he ran out his hull timbers, curved up so as to form a hold less than six feet deep. The plank—ing nailed on, he decked the hold over and placed his machinery on deck, in a horizontal position, instead of upright and in the hold as any common-sense shipbuilder would do!

In the machinery itself Shreve made some sweeping changes, using French’s engine, which had an oscillating cylinder. This was the type of engine which had, with infinite difficulty, brought the *Enterprise* back from the South. But for his new boat’s particular engine he introduced some startling improvements which made it practically an entirely new mechanism. He maintained French’s oscillating principle, all right, but he made the pitman oscillate and held the cylinder stationary. And there were other changes. David Prentiss had recently invented cam wheels. To these Shreve added his own idea of the cam cut-off, with flues to the boiler—something which resulted in a great saving of fuel.

In answer to his friends’ questions Shreve announced that he was going to name her the *Washington* after his father’s old General-in-Chief, and would soon make an initial trip to New Orleans. They asked him:

“With your deck room taken up with that machinery, where are you going to put your cargo and passengers?” For answer, Shreve added another deck to his boat, making her the first two-decker in history.

Long after Shreve’s time, Mark Twain, out of the fullness of his piloting experience, opined: “Build your river steamboat so she will run on an early morning dew and turn around on a dime.” Some of these qualifications Henry Shreve had indeed embodied in the *Washington*. For instance, her double

engines were unconnected so that her engineer could come ahead on one, and back on the other, and thus turn her around on her own length. No steamship that ever floated before this one could have done that! Moreover, her draft was so shallow that a steamship builder would have thrown up his hands in despair.

Completed, the *Washington* slid down the Wheeling Ways to the water’s surface in June, 1817. The Ohio River received her on its smooth bosom and bore her along as lightly as a duck on a mill race. As she waddled away with a load of freight and a number of courageous and curious passengers, and as the people on shore, no longer deriding, shouted their hails and good wishes, no one present could have realized that he was witnessing the beginning of a new era in American history, the awakening of the West.

Shreve built far better than he knew. Standing on the *Washington*’s forward deck as she got under way for the South, he had no way of foreseeing a number of amazing future events:

That, for example, this first Mississippi steamboat which he had built (a type as purely American as Andy Jackson’s squirrel rifle or Abe Lincoln’s broadaxe) would completely revolutionize river steam navigation. That she would beget thousands of descendants (that is, boats built along the same general model). That, within thirty years of her first upstream trip, a mighty inland merchant marine would be afloat on these same waters—light and airy, graceful and swift, sidewheelers and sternwheelers—serving the West as no other type of craft could. Nor that such renowned steamboats as the *J. M. White*, the *Robert E. Lee*, the *Jacob Strader*, the *Kate Adams*, the *Natchez*, or a hundred others—wonders of their time and



surpassing in beauty, size, and speed all contemporary deep-sea tonnage—would be numbered among the *Washington's* progeny.

A few statistics speak volumes. In the new shipyards that at once sprang up in the various expanding river cities, sixty boats were built and launched within two years of Shreve's demonstration. By 1830 there were 250 boats afloat plying over 15,000 miles of navigable rivers. From then on, the number increased with each passing year until by the time war clouds darkened over the nation in 1860, the fleet had grown to number 2,000 boats. Boats built during the last decade before the Civil War reached the high rate of one every week.

And every one of them, mark you, built on the model of Shreve's little *Washington*, which he brought up safely from New Orleans in something over twenty days! From that trip rivermen in the "West" date the beginning of Mississippi steamboating; and from that date also Jefferson's investment began to pay undreamed-of dividends.

**T**RAGEDY beset the *Washington's* first voyage. She exploded her boilers two days out, near Marietta, Ohio. "The disarrangement of the safety valve," says an old account in Niles' Register, "which had become immovable in consequence of the accidental slipping of the weight to the extremity of the lever," caused the trouble. Eight people died in that explosion and Shreve had to tie up the *Washington* while he buried the dead and repaired the machinery. But in two weeks he was under way again, and towards the middle of October brought her safely into New Orleans.

And there in the Crescent City where he had fought the British a new conflict of a different sort awaited him. For he ran smack up against the Fulton-Livingston interests, which at once had the law on him for bringing a steam vessel into waters to which they claimed an exclusive patent.

But after the perils he had known of the lonely river and facing the British guns on Chalmette Field, a little legal scrap gave Shreve no terrors. He welcomed it, nay, he anticipated it, and re-

tained A. L. Duncan, a prominent lawyer, to fight it out for him to the bitter end. It was a test case, and Shreve made the most of it.

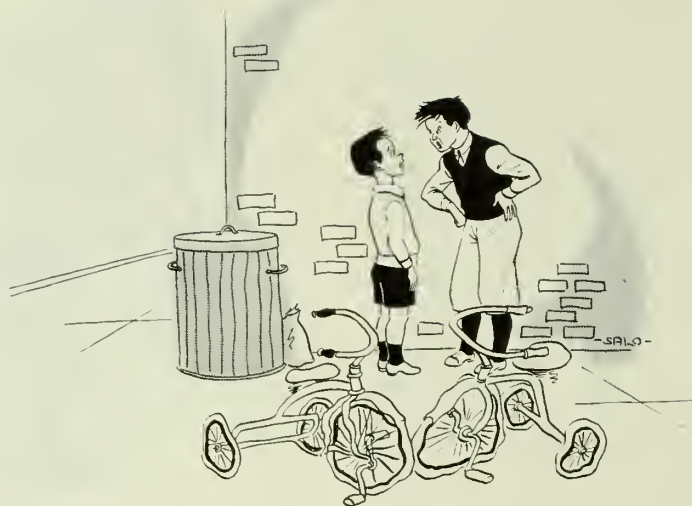
The combine were running their clumsy ships now between New Orleans and Natchez, where the water was deep and the currents sluggish. But they were doing a big local business and they resented this young Westerner and his new boat, and his claims that he was going to free western commerce from the death grip of their monopoly. In the face of seductive overtures from "the enemy," which would have given him a good slice of their profits in return for leaving them alone, Shreve stood his ground. In 1819 the courts vindicated him. The Mississippi system, they declared, belonged to all the people. Regardless of any State patent, no one organization could claim the sole right to navigate it, and from that day to this any man has been free to run a row boat, a power boat or a 300-foot steamboat on the Mississippi, free and unmolested.

That out of the way, Shreve made his return trip as indicated and settled in Louisville. As Superintendent of Western River Affairs, a few years later Captain Shreve had his hands full trying to improve the channel of Ole Miss and her tributaries. Among other things he de-

veloped a successful type of snagboat (still in use) operated by steam on twin hulls, which went cruising about the rivers, from headwaters to delta, "pulling the river's teeth" and making the channels harmless highways for the boats. He ran his tooth-pullers up into the impassable reach of Red River and laboriously snagged out, piece by piece, the great raft which for centuries had clogged it, thus opening the stream to navigation. It was for his work on Red River that he is memorialized in the name of that stream's largest metropolis—Shreveport.

"I hope to live to see the day when a steamboat can make the run up from New Orleans in ten days," Shreve had declared in a fit of optimism when the citizens of Louisville tendered him a banquet in 1817. He lived to see (in 1851) the fast *Bostona* make it in less than four days! . . . And in that same year he died, full of honors.

**S**OME day when you are in Cincinnati, notice a tablet in a public park according to Robert Fulton the credit for inaugurating steamboating on the Mississippi system. Then remember Captain Henry Shreve, and what he did for the South and Midlands, and form your own conclusions.



"What d'ya mean, you're not insured?"

## It's Kansas City Again

(Continued from page 35)

and Eight and Forty. It was suggested that, so far as possible, delegates be selected who are qualified to serve the Legion and Forty and Eight, the Auxiliary and Eight and Forty.

There will be a limited number of guests. Remember the historic gathering in Kansas City in 1921 when Pershing, Foch, Beatty, Jacques and Diaz stepped out on the platform and stood in a group, while the men whom they had led to victory in 1918 sent up round

after round of thunderous cheers.

Plans for holding the convention are being made by a committee of Kansas City Legionnaires under the chairmanship of James A. Young. This general committee will be divided into twelve subcommittees, with definite assignments.

**T**HE sessions will be held in the magnificent Municipal Auditorium, part of which is already in use for war work—the Legion will hold its meetings in the Arena, the Auxiliary in the Music

Hall, and other rooms will be assigned to the Forty and Eight and Eight and Forty. Once again all meetings will be under the same roof. The Muehlebach Hotel has been designated as the National Headquarters hotel.

It's Kansas City again in 1942 for a Convention totally different from that of 1921. Then we met to celebrate victory—now we meet to plan for victory and to rededicate the Legion to the highest purpose in the service of God and country.



# Keep Faith with Them



President Roosevelt says...

*"There is nothing finer than to build up this fund for the Navy Relief Society. I urge you to do your utmost, and do it now!"*

## Join the work of the Navy Relief Society and BACK UP THE NAVY'S FIGHTING MEN!

**T**O HELP THE NAVY MAN and his dependents, his widow, his orphaned child, his mother and other dependent members of his family, is the purpose of the Navy Relief Society.

Organized forty years ago by the Navy, to look after the Navy's own, it gives *immediate* financial aid to Navy men and their families when necessary... assists in emergency operations... cares for the Navy man's dependents... makes possible the education of dependent young.

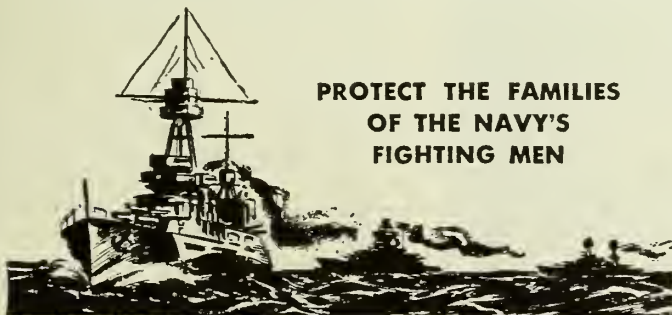
For the first time in its history, the Navy Relief Society, through its Citizens' Committee, asks you to contribute

generously and help protect the families of the Navy's fighting men. By your assistance, those in the Service may know that we at home will look after those they left behind... and the men who are doing the fighting need not worry about the folks back home.

### Back them up! ENROLL TODAY!

No amount is too small—\$1... \$2... \$5... \$10. None too large—\$100... \$500... \$1000. Every contribution making up the \$5,000,000 fund will promise protection at home, and freedom from worry, to more than 500,000 men in our Navy, Marine and Coast Guard\* Services.

*\*through Coast Guard Welfare*



**PROTECT THE FAMILIES  
OF THE NAVY'S  
FIGHTING MEN**

**CLIP THIS ENROLLMENT COUPON. Send it to the Navy Relief Society. Give all you can—and give today!**

Checks should be made payable to Navy Relief Society and sent to National Citizens' Committee, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

I want to help the Navy men and their families. Enclosed please find my contribution of \$\_\_\_\_\_.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# Our Third Front

(Continued from page 9)

The censors will have none of it. Their reasoning, to them, is perfectly sound. But the result is that the American public is getting only the vaguest sort of general statements—no hard, clear facts about which it may feel proud and which would cause it to rise up and cheer at the job being done by private enterprise.

3—Carry on a smear campaign against business management. Think back over the past few months and you will recall that one company after another has been attacked by government spokesmen. Sometimes the charge has been that they would not “accept” war orders, sometimes that they insisted upon continuing with “business as usual,” sometimes that they have refused to obey orders, and in a few instances that they were guilty of carrying on relations with our enemy, which, if true, would come dangerously close to being treason. Now this would be all to the good if the charges were true. But so far those making the charges haven’t been able to make them stick. The rank and file of the public, however, does not find this out. The charges make the headlines on the front pages; the replies and the subsequent court action are condensed and buried in the back pages.

About the same purpose is served, therefore, as if the accusations were true.

4—Try to prevent all criticism of anything that is done by any of our bureaucrats. Of course they say they welcome “constructive criticism,” but that is eye-wash. The only thing they think is “constructive criticism” is praise for what they are doing. Anyone who goes beyond this is immediately labeled as unpatriotic, and probably a fifth columnist.

5—Undermine the confidence of the public in the ability of Congress. Unfortunately that is much easier to do than one wishes were the case. This is because Congress has been guilty of some extremely unwise and shortsighted action. But Congress is not composed of a bunch of nincompoops. And certainly we don’t want to get rid of it or have its powers taken away. For remember, the independence of Congress is the final line of protection between us and the concentration of all power in the hands of the bureaucrats. What we must do, therefore, is strengthen Congress through improving the calibre of those we elect, not destroy it by charges of incompetence.

That is the broad pattern. To get its full force it needs to be thought of as a unit: Constantly expand government

power; hide the facts as to what business is doing; carry on a campaign against the management of business; charge that everyone who lifts his voice in protest is a Nazi; undermine the confidence of the public in Congress.

Again, let me repeat that I do not believe that this is a “plot.” But in the final analysis that is of minor importance. The significant fact is that we have a state of mind and a trend of developments in this country which are a serious threat to the America we have known.

As stated above, this is our third front. In one respect, too, it is our most dangerous front. We know that life will not be worth living unless we win in Europe and the Far East. But we are not so conscious of this battle at home.

That is why the man at the luncheon referred to above, and those who go along with his line of thinking, are so confident. They don’t believe that the American public will wake up. They don’t believe that we will realize, until it is too late, that if we are to save “the American way of life” we must defeat the enemies on our third front just as truly as we must defeat the Nazis and the Japs.

And whether they prove to be right, depends on you.

## The Turning Point

(Continued from page 21)

European powers and receive arms through the Federal blockade, arms which the South so sorely needed to carry on the war. He would have Washington and Baltimore in his rear and at his complete mercy.

PHILADELPHIA, practically without home defense, knew such an alarm as it has not since known—that of the possibility of Confederate soldiers soon marching through her streets.

On the second day of the three-day decisive Battle of Gettysburg, when it was at its raging height General Warren of Meade’s staff went up to the crest of the Little Round Top hill for a look-see. He got an eyeful in a single glance.

That little hill of rocks and brambles, a No Man’s Land in a rich farming country, had become the critical strategic point in the very crisis of the battle. The Johnnies were uttering no “rebel yell,” nor talking above a whisper, as with lynx-like speed they worked their way under the cover of a ravine to take Little Round Top.

Once they had it, they would loose that yell in triumph. They would have a downhill sweep on Meade’s trains in the rear of his center, with few Federal reserves left.

With the purchase the Confederates had on Culp’s hill on the other flank, Meade would have to go—and go under a cross fire, possibly unable to withdraw all his troops. Not only would Lee win Gettysburg, but Meade’s army would face something approaching irretrievable disaster.

The glance was enough to send Warren on the run toward Barnes’s Division, all but the last of Meade’s reserves, which was about to charge in support of the Federal center in a deadly wrestle to hold its ground.

When minutes, even seconds counted, as they do in air warfare today, Warren did not wait to consult Meade, but as an order from Meade detached Vincent’s brigade on a sprint for Little Round Top.

So near were the Johnnies to their goal that Vincent’s men as they came to the crest had not time to fire their rifles. The first clash was with the bayonet. These veterans were not concerned with being pricked with brambles or skinning their shins on rocks but with the thrust of cold steel.

It was touch and go, one side gaining a little advantage, and then the other. Vincent’s men were not enough. Sweat-sodden with dust, a new New York regiment of recruits who had never been under fire before had just arrived after a long,

forced march. They were hurried into the demoniac struggle, to be met with a blaze of fire and then with the bayonet as pell mell they reached the crest.

Their commander, young Colonel O’Rorke, was killed. Then Vincent, rallying a weak part in the line, fell with a sharpshooter’s bullet through his head.

But the sum of it was that there were too many Federals for the Johnnies. The Federals kept Little Round Top, and had Gettysburg as good as won.

Silently the next day, the final day of the battle, Lee nodded his head in assent to the last chance of Pickett’s immortal charge. Lee, that great soldier, had had his nerve with him when, with slightly inferior numbers and considerably fewer guns, he tried to envelope Meade’s army, and he had almost done it.

With the fall of Vicksburg to Grant on July 4th this became the turning point of the war.

AS FOR the Spanish War of 1898, it might be said that the precedent of “Remember the Alamo” applied in “Remember the Maine.” Public anger at the outrage, after the blowing up of our new battleship *Maine* in Havana harbor, demanded that we put an end to the plague spot off our shores in Cuba under Spanish tyranny.



But the turning point I visualize in vivid reality starts with the exhausted men in the disease-infested jungle off the Santiago shore. They had only obsolete smoke powder cannon, outranged by modern guns pounding at them. It looked as though the jungle had them down for defeat.

Caution counseled delay. But they would not have it so. They were there to fight, not to die of disease, foundering in the mud. It was in the common impulse, brother beside brother now in the offensive spirit, that they charged in a race to see who could get there first, and took San Juan Hill.

IN THE First World War, which is no historical quiz ground, but a living memory to all of us, there is bound to be some difference of opinion among those who were over there as to what was the turning point.

Château-Thierry? When we stopped them on the Paris Road?

I offer my own view out of an indelible personal impression. As our two Divisions swept on, taking objective after objective in the counterstroke toward Soissons after the fifth German offensive, I was struck with wonder at the number of prisoners taken in bunches with their officers.

I knew we were good. But, how come? Whole battalions with their commanders did not surrender back in 1914-16 when I was also on the western front as a correspondent. You had to kill and wound more before they quit. They still had a spirit for battle.

Then I was with the British, on August 8, when the tough veteran Canadian Corps was getting the same results. Something had happened to that German army as a whole. That July 18-August 8th was the turning point was confirmed by Marshal Ludendorff in his memoirs when he said that it was at that time that the sword broke in his hand. The German soldiers had been told that we would arrive too late, and we could not fight, anyhow; but there we were and they had had a taste of how we could fight. From then on we had Heinie going, driving him from the center of the ring against the ropes for the knock out in November.

Lest I be misunderstood, I would make it clear that each turning point to which I have referred made the most of opportunity which had been provided by the fighting of the whole. This had to be followed up in faith with the traditions as we followed it up in the Meuse-Argonne fighting, when in desperate resistance the Germans kept throwing in picked Divisions, which fought with veteran fatalism.

The turning point is never fully evident at the time it comes, but it will come in this war as it has come before. We'll be there taking a part in faith and courage as we swing ahead to victory.

# Enjoy Life with *Miller* HIGH LIFE

MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE



# Scads of Soldier Letters

(Continued from page 17)

service in war time, it is naturally impossible under ordinary conditions to give every letter the close scrutiny it should have. The censors can now reduce to microfilm all suspicious letters with possible code messages and study them at their leisure on their own reading machines.

The first airgraph letter ever despatched from British Headquarters at Cairo was a communication on April 16, 1941, from General Wavell. It was a message expressing appreciation for the new service to the Chief of the Imperial Staff in London. It was a chummy letter such as might have been sent by any private of the Libyan forces to a friend back home. It began with "My dear Jack," and was signed "Archie Wavell."

The first airgraph letter from home back to the Middle East was written by Queen Elizabeth in her own hand to General Auchinleck. It expressed a heartfelt sympathy that only a woman of the

noblest impulses could show for the sons separated from parents—husbands from wives.

Although the microfilm letters between home and front are not the originals, they are photographic facsimiles of the words just as the writer himself penned them.

As the result of a romantic war marriage another important feature will probably be added to airgraph service. A British soldier back on leave from Egypt wedded the girl he had left behind him when he went away to defend the home in which she was to be the queen. Immediately after the wedding he had to return to his post in Egypt. A number of photographs were taken of the ceremony but the young groom had to leave before they could be developed. The bride, knowing how anxious her new mate was to see the reproductions of the wedding scene inquired at the Post Office if they, too, could be reduced to microfilm and developed in enlarged size at destination.

This inquiry suggested a bright idea that started the postal authorities investigating. There were thousands of wives and sweethearts who would like to cheer their boys at the front with familiar scenes from home, such as the latest picture of Junior whom the young dad hasn't seen for so long, or of the babe whom Papa has never seen. There couldn't be a greater lift to his morale, or a more stimulating reminder of the home he is defending. So—it is entirely likely that photographs, as well as letters, will soon be a feature of British airgraph.

Plans are perfected to provide this service to Uncle Sam's boys on distant fronts. From details now available it is certain that it will be established when AEF forces are sufficiently numerous at given fronts to justify it. Although Great Britain was the first country to use it successfully, practically all microfilm equipment in which British letters are processed are American-made. The service has lately been adopted by Canada with the same equipment.

## The Message Center

(Continued from page 2)

expanding and newly discovered requirements. The MP of today is a professional soldier, and like all other professional soldiers, he is a specialist. He is being trained along standard, modern lines by officers who have studied the needs as revealed by the past and indicated by plans for the future.

His officers are equipped with the best specialized knowledge available and receive their instruction in a highly developed and well-equipped institution. The Provost Marshal General's School at Chickamauga Park, Georgia. The Staff and Faculty of this School have been hand-picked to select the best qualified officers obtainable. This is no hit or miss job.

The military policeman knows he has a highly responsible task but approaches it with confidence because he has been trained to meet just such problems as will confront him. It is a well-established fact as far as military police work is concerned that brawn is no substitute for brains, and a good mind is a first requisite for a good military policeman. But make no mistake about this—he is first of all a soldier. The Corps of Military Police is a very definite part of the American Army, "of the troops and for the troops."

**D**R. FLETCHER HODGES, member of Paul Coble Post of Indianapolis, rates a salute for the nicest bit of detective work we've heard of in many a day. In the June issue we carried

a story by Harry Van Demark under the title *A Jap-Slap of 1863*. It recounted the amazing exploit of Captain David McDougal, U.S.N., and the U.S.S. *Wyoming* in sinking a number of Japanese naval vessels in the Straits of Shimonoseki and silencing shore batteries which had joined in the fight. One of the pictures which we used with the story showed the battle at its height. Our caption identified it as the work of a Chinese artist. As he looked at the illustration and noticed the odd initials of the artist down in the left hand corner Dr. Hodges realized that he had seen that signature somewhere before. Looking through bound copies of magazines in his library he found illustrations carrying the signature in the *St. Nicholas* magazine, which delighted many another boy of the nineties as it did Master Hodges. With the help of Wilbur D. Peat, Curator of the Herron Art Institute of Indianapolis the artist was identified as Harry Fenn, who had a distinguished career as an artist and illustrator. He died in Montclair, New Jersey, in 1911.

**T**HE Legion's long fight to have the Australian agitator Harry Bridges sent back where he came from has, as you know, succeeded to the extent that Attorney General Biddle has ordered him deported. However, "the law's delays" that Hamlet complained about are still so much a part of our procedure that it will be a year or more before Bridges actually leaves these shores. A newspaper in the East having complained that

the action against Bridges would tend to slow down the American war effort, Legionnaire Hamilton Hicks of Chappaqua, New York, speaking on Memorial Day, dealt in direct fashion with this claim.

Said Judge Hicks: "Only yesterday a newspaper denounced the Attorney General of the United States for ordering deportation of an alien agitator who had paved the way for the slaughter of our troops in Bataan by weakening our defense against Hitlerism until his foreign masters, once Hitler's friends, became Hitler's enemies.

"Now, said that newspaper, this agitator, having changed his coat, is helping our war effort and we should keep him, not deport him. This man, who trampled on our flag yesterday is needed to defend the flag today, said the newspaper.

"When the day comes that our flag needs the support of such people, its proud glory will have vanished forever."

**A** MESSAGE to members of The American Legion from the National Nursing Council for War Service, stressing the fact that nurses are urgently needed for both military and civilian agencies, asks Legionnaires to help in this way:

1. Encourage eligible nurses to volunteer for the Red Cross First Reserve, the reservoir for the Nurse Corps of the Army and Navy.

2. Try to get back into active service every inactive or retired nurse for full or part-time work.





## America's Secret Weapon

**Y**ou won't find it on the production lines at Rock Island or Willow Run.

It isn't guarded at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, or tested at Aberdeen.

But it's the toughest weapon these men you are looking at will ever take into battle. It's the stuff with which all our wars are won.

The boy in the uniform doesn't call it *morale*. That's a cold potatoes word for something John American feels deep and warm inside.

Perhaps he can't give it a name. But he can tell you what it's made of.

It's made of the thrill he gets when his troop train stops at a junction point and fifty good-looking girls are at the station with cigarettes.

It's made of the appreciation he feels for a bright new USO clubhouse where

he and his friends can go for a few hours' rest and relaxation.

It's made of laughter and music—when Bob Hope or Lana Turner visits his camp with a USO show.

It's made of his invitations to the homes of pleasant strangers.

It's made of a cup of coffee and a Yankee smile—at some lone outpost in Alaska or in the Caribbean.

Maybe it's just a feeling of kinship with this land of a hundred million generous people. Maybe it's just the understanding that this whole country cares; that the soldier is bone of our bone; that he and we are one.

Name it if you can. But it's the secret weapon of a democratic army—a weapon that can never be *ersatzed* in Germany or Japan.

What can you do to sharpen this weapon? Give to the USO. This great national service organization that overrides race and creed has been entrusted by your government with responsibility for the service man's leisure needs. With maintaining clubhouses and providing camp shows, with a hundred thoughtful services to our men at home and abroad.

The needs of USO have grown as enormously as our armed forces themselves. This Spring we must have \$32,000,000.

Give all you can—whether it's a lot or a little.

Send your contribution to your local chairman or to USO, Empire State Building, New York City.

★ **USO** ★



3. Inquire into the circumstances before hiring for a non-nursing job any nurse who is eligible for military service.

4. Back up all efforts to recruit student nurses, so that there will be more students helping in the hospitals as they learn, releasing more experienced nurses for military duty, and fitting themselves for useful post-war careers.

The Government has set a quota of 55,000 students to begin the basic 3-year program in accredited schools of nursing during the coming school year, and 65,000 the following year. Recruits should be high school graduates, preferably with

some college work in addition; in good health, 18 years of age or over, and fitted in character and disposition to become nurses.

Many changes have taken place in nursing since the last war. Of the 1300 accredited schools, about 100 require one or more years of college work as a prerequisite, and two of them accept only college graduates. New opportunities have been opening up, even before the war, in administrative and supervisory positions, in public health and industrial nursing, in the numerous specialties such as psychiatric nursing which keep pace

with the advances of medical science.

Government funds have been provided to enlarge schools of nursing and in some instances to provide free tuition to qualified young women.

Every Legionnaire father, relative, or friend of a potential nurse, is urged to encourage her to think seriously about this career. Classes are opening in September. Tell her to inquire of the State Nursing Council for War Service, or write for information to the National Nursing Council for War Services, 1790 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

THE EDITORS

## An Island's a Cinch to Hold

(Continued from page 13)

He worked hard the next days. He would go up on the flat tin warehouse roof and paint the scenery that stretched below, and think. At sundown, he would look inside the warehouse, and see the tins of oil, and lately when he saw them, he would smile, and once he said aloud, "We'll get those Japs."

For two weeks he was alone. And three weeks. And then, one day, he wasn't.

They came suddenly. He was on the roof, and he heard the motor far away, heard it coughing closer, then didn't hear the motor but saw the small slim plane, with the red ball on each wing. It was gliding toward the island. He watched it, fascinated. Suddenly it stuck its nose upward, fell bottomwise downward, pancaked on the water. There was an awful splash.

Roger ran down his palm tree, and when he got to the water's edge the two of them were paddling in on a small rubber craft. When they were closer, one was paddling, the other lay back. As they reached the beach, their plane, in the water, went down with a gulp.

One Japanese, with a beefy face and horn-rimmed adhesive goggles, was hurt. A leg and shoulder fractured. The other was a skinny one, and bald. Roger helped them ashore. They weren't surprised to see him. He'd been some time in Japan, and now he tried to remember words to speak to them. But the skinny bald one said to him, "You are an American? I am from the Imperial Japanese Navy flying. We are from Manila. We are on patrol. The accident is unfortunate, I suppose. My friend is hurt."

Roger didn't talk to them much. He gave them food, and then, when the skinny one worked on the other's shoulder and leg, Roger went up on the warehouse to paint his landscape—and think. He was there an hour when he heard the tin door of the warehouse open below. He jumped to his feet, clambored down the tree. The skinny one sat, phlegmatic, in his muddled ill-fitting khaki suit, beside his companion.

Roger went to the warehouse. The

door was ajar. He knew now, at once, that they knew. The oil and gas in American containers. They *knew!* He was really confused now. They were unarmed. He was unarmed. But they knew! It was growing dark. He decided to sit against the doorway of the warehouse until he could think of something. He dozed off.

In the morning, he was alone. They were gone, as they had come, swiftly, in their little rubber boat. They had taken some of his food, and pieces of his canvas.

"God!" he said. "They'll be on Luzon in three or four days. They'll tell the other Japs about this warehouse, about the oil and gas. And the Japs will come—no, the Japs'll send bombers, in a hurry, and blow the warehouse up!"

He knew that would happen. He had been stupid, in many ways. Now he was excited. He must do something. You couldn't be an expatriate forever. If *you* didn't owe it to your country, you *owed* it to your morality to aid the side that was right in the regular flare-up between right and wrong. Roger Wembly went up on the warehouse roof and painted. He tried hard to think. He soon had several ideas. He might move the tins of oil. But they were much too heavy for his strength. He might camouflage the warehouse. Make it look like a hill or foliage. But it would still be the biggest thing on the island and the Japs wouldn't be fooled, and besides, there wasn't time. Each succeeding idea, after that, became more fantastic and ridiculous, until one passed through his mind,



"I thought the club had decided to move the skeet range farther away from the golf course."



returned, stayed. He thought about it, and planned it, and painted.

For three days, working out the idea, he sat on the roof and painted. He wondered when the American bombers—God, how he prayed for them!—would come, and he wondered when the Japs would come, and he thought and painted.

On the fourth morning, with the sun out bright, he was below eating breakfast, when they came. The motors were a quick sudden roar out of nowhere. He ran out on the beach and looked up. They were coming low, very low, five light Jap bombers, flaunting the Rising Sun. He saw their egg-loads. He prayed.

They fell into a string, and came swinging down on the warehouse, motors screaming. And then one, two, three, four, five—all five planes were over it and away. No bombs. They were coming around in a huge semi-circle, and now, again, they dropped low, until he could see the distorted heads of the flyers. Over the warehouse, only a couple hundred yards over it, one, two, three, four, five—all five planes passed over. No bombs.

They went away. Flew away. Disappeared.

Roger felt silly happy. He grinned. He said, "They went away." He jumped in the air and kicked his heels. He went to his breakfast thinking, *They'll come back, maybe with boats, but our bombers will be here first.*

Thirty-six hours later the American bombers came, three relays of ten. They'd come the long way from Australia, bombed Jap transports, munition dumps, barracks, cruisers. They were down on fuel. They needed fuel. Some

landed on the beach; the navy planes on the water. They fueled up. Roger was ready. They took him with them.

The big Air Corps man said, as they were taking off, "Mr. Wembly, we know the Japs were here. We got word of it. We expected to find our fuel aflame and gone. Why didn't they bomb the warehouse? Maybe they thought we had more here than an unarmed civilian—"

"I'm a painter, and a very ineffectual civilian," said Roger with a disarming smile. "Oh, they came in very, very low. But you know, those Japs are damn funny. I understand them. They're fighting, taking risks, killing and being killed, for only one thing. Emperor Hirohito. Their Emperor God. They are taught to worship him. I mean, really. His very being is holy. An American magazine once published Emperor Hirohito on the cover, and Tokyo protested, because magazines would have to be piled on one another, meaning each magazine would cover Hirohito's face—"

"Yes, yes," said the big air corp man, "but what has that got to do with what? Why didn't they bomb the warehouse?"

The bomber was in the air now and over the little island. Roger Wembly looked down.

He smiled and nodded. "Look down at the warehouse roof, Colonel!"

There, on the roof, in broad strokes of red and blue and green, was the largest portrait in the world of Emperor Hirohito. His face covered the whole tin roof, and with solemn dignity he stared up at the sky.

"Look me three days," said Roger Wembly with a smile. He knew he was going to enjoy this war!

## Any Junk Today?

(Continued from page 31)

### Fifth Termer

W. Bernette Burch, Commander of Hugh T. Gregory Post of Winter Garden, Florida, is serving his fifth consecutive term in that office and is the present Florida record holder, according to Department Adjutant C. Howard Rowton. "The only competition you have," says Adjutant Rowton, "is the Fort Ogden Post where George Russell organized the Post and was elected Commander and is still Commander . . . but the Post hasn't been in good standing for two years."

Hugh T. Gregory Post was organized in 1920 with Commander Burch as one of the charter members. He also served five years as Adjutant before being elevated to the post of command. The Post has a membership of fifty; owns its own home, built in 1926, and, in addition to other services, operates an aircraft warning service station with the Legion home serving as headquarters.

### Memorial Service

"For eight years Glenside (Pennsylvania) Post has been holding memorial services that have attracted more than

### LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

J. W. SCHLAIKJER, Winner (South Dakota) Post.  
CHARLES LASALLE, New Rochelle (New York) Post.  
COURTNEY ALLEN, New Rochelle (New York) Post.  
FREDERICK PALMER, City Club Post, New York City.  
V. E. PYLES, 107th Infantry Post, New York City.

Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.



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local notice," writes J. Stephen Gold, General Chairman. "For the first few years the annual service was held in front of the Memorial Building in a public park. But in 1934 the service was moved to a cemetery on the edge of the city where, under the shade of a fine grove of trees, an ideal spot was found to memorialize the dead. The service lasts half an hour and is broadcast over the facilities of Station WIBG. It is always preceded by a parade in which marchers are drawn from other veteran organizations, patriotic societies and civic groups. More than 900 people were present at the ceremonies this year."

### *New Community Building*

Through the efforts of Montgomery Post, Troy, North Carolina, has a beautiful as well as convenient community building. The need for such a building had been long felt but it was not until 1937 that the first steps were made toward filling the need. Montgomery Post had some money, but its funds were limited. In making the start, Post Commander L. L. Moffit named a committee composed of E. A. Pipkin, Finance Officer, N. T. Parker, Herman Beaman and Dan Stuart to make a survey of the situation. Their report was favorable and a building, constructed of native stone, was agreed upon. After the Post had expended its funds contributions were secured from the County Board of Commissioners and interested citizens, and further aid was had in WPA labor supplied by the County.

It was not completed last fall when the general army maneuvers were held in North Carolina, but the unfinished building became a center for soldiers from all over the area, and there they were entertained by volunteer groups. The building now houses the town library; rooms are set apart for the Boy Scouts and other community enterprises center there, as well as the headquarters and meeting place of Montgomery Post.

### *Shorts and Overs*

George W. Vroman Post of Casper, Wyoming, has organized an Aloha Committee for the purpose of providing a farewell party for men leaving Natrona



Formal presentation of the oil painting of General MacArthur (our cover for May) was made at an open meeting of York (Pa.) Post to Mrs. Frank E. Sheffer, whose slogan "MacArthur Is Giving His All . . . Are You?" was selected from 10,000 submitted in a nation-wide contest. Dr. Edward A. Glatfelter, Post Americanism Officer, made the presentation. Post Commander Dallas E. Minnich stands at left

County for military service. Members of the committee meet the trains and buses and see to the needs of the young men coming from other towns. More than three thousand have attended some of the farewell parties, music for which is furnished by Casper City Band and the High School Band. . . . Chatham (Massachusetts) Post, says Adjutant Paul W. Karr, ordered the erection of an honor roll in November, 1940, to bear the names of the young men from that community who entered the armed services. The memorial was erected in a public place and now bears nearly one hundred names—with only one Gold Star to mark the name of one of the town's young men who died at Pearl Harbor during the first attack. . . . In order to keep the boys in camp and on shipboard advised of what is going on at home, Helmer Reyelt Post of Harlan, Iowa, writes F. D. Curttright, sends one of the local newspapers to each man who goes into the armed services. . . . Ellis F. Hight, Commander of Har-

old T. Andrews Post of Portland, Maine, reports an unusual tribute to the dead of our Navy, initiated in his Post but carried out by a ship of the United States Navy at sea. A wreath was provided by Harold T. Andrews Post in advance of Memorial Day and was entrusted to the care of Navy personnel then at Portland. Days later Commander Hight received a report from Ensign T. A. Underwood, himself the son of a Legionnaire, that the wreath had been cast upon the waters on Memorial Day with appropriate services and ceremonies. Ensign Underwood was assisted in the service by Legionnaire William H. Johnson, C. B. M. . . . A report received from Legionnaire William O. Jaconetti says that on Memorial Day Daniel M. O'Connell Post of Rockaway Beach, New York, presented a medal to Mrs. Rose Amron in memory of her son, Lieutenant Arthur Amron, the first of local sons to fall in action. . . .

BOYD B. STUTLER

## So You're Going to Japan

(Continued from page 5)

can find any in Nipponland, or at least gnash their too prominent teeth. If the generals have time to dispose themselves properly for hara-kiri they won't draw any rickshaws for grinning doughboys, but the gentle art of suicide the Japs practice requires twenty minutes or more of preparation. The subject sits himself on the floor in such a way that when he

dies he will sag forward in a bow to his ancestors. To fall to the left or the right or backward would be fatal, you might say, to his chances at paradise. He faces a picture of a tiger smashing his way through a stout bamboo barricade, the symbolism of which is that it is possible to break through the troubles of this world and get into paradise if you observe the proprieties in taking your-

self off. Looking fixedly at this picture, the subject carefully inserts a two-edged blade deep into his abdomen and carves a Z pattern. The rest is silence.

But maybe the generals won't get the twenty minutes needed to set the stage for a planned departure from this too troubled existence, and if they don't get the time they'll certainly draw the rickshaws.



So learn those phonetics, boys, and write us if you'd like some more. Then you'll have a smattering of the language and won't have to use gestures alone. We have taken great pains to make the pronunciations authentic, but to the purist (who wouldn't under any circumstances be satisfied) we say, "Be your-

self, big boy! These are vernacular Japanese sayings translated into the common language we ourselves used back in 1918." One of these days our doughboys, sailors and leathernecks are going to talk turkey to those damn Japs. Turkey? Well, you can't translate that into Nipponese. But they will learn who's boss.

# "Smilin' Through"

(Continued from page 34)

the Battalion for the port of Brest and home. The girls came down to the railroad to see us off.

"In the D mpelfeld group, from left to right are; front row, Elizabeth Prindle, YMCA; Major J. Frank Burke, 1st Battalion; Emily Benton, YMCA, and a chaplain of the 3d Battalion, 47th Infantry, whose name I do not remember. Rear row: Visiting lieutenant, name unknown; myself, Lieutenant Martin Frank Egan; Lieutenant Walter H. Chapman; a K. of C. secretary (think his name was Driscoll); a lieutenant, name forgotten, and Lieutenant John C. Hughes.

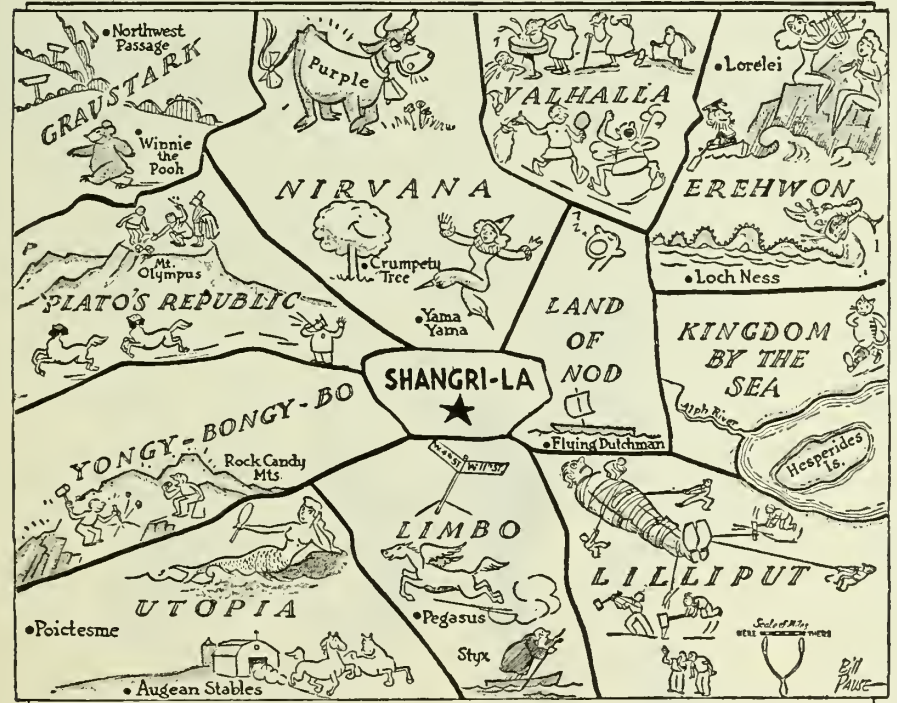
"All of the officers were from the 47th Infantry, excepting the visiting lieutenant. What has become of this group? Where are the Y girls and the K. of C. secretary? Who are the forgotten officers? I have extra copies of the picture which members of the group may have if they write to me.

"In the snapshot print, taken at Coblenz-L tzel, in which we have the K. of C. girl workers, we find, reading from the left: K. of C. girl, name forgotten; Lieutenant John C. Hughes; K. of C. girl, name forgotten; Lieutenant Martin Frank Egan (myself), and Miss Julia Egan, K. of C. Although of the same name, Miss Egan was no relative of mine.

"Where are those K. of C. girls now? Perhaps someone can jog my memory, so I may be able to recall the names of two of them—although even a search through numerous old papers fails to disclose them.

"I would be glad to hear from any or all of either group at my old home-town address, 332 East Alleghany Avenue, Emporium, Pennsylvania—or, better still, to have them visit me."

WE DON'T know just what advantage has been taken of them, but recently there have been several gener-



Here's the Shangri-La map by Bill Pause which was used on the front page of the World-Telegram last May 21st. President Roosevelt had told the story of how he nominated Shangri-La when a young woman asked him specifically about the location of the base from which Jimmy Doolittle and his men bombed Tokyo last spring. The original of this drawing is now owned by the President. Bill Pause did the pictures with which we illustrate So You're Going to Japan, on page four of this issue

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**THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA FINANCIAL STATEMENT May 31, 1942**

Assets	
Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 572,075.59
Accounts receivable .....	55,201.75
Inventories .....	127,463.95
Invested funds .....	2,683,448.43
Permanent investment:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	214,077.50
Office building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation .....	124,970.98
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation .....	44,390.03
Deferred charges .....	30,662.95
	<b>\$3,852,291.09</b>
Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth	
Current liabilities .....	\$ 72,393.16
Funds restricted as to use .....	39,593.52
Deferred revenue .....	477,767.63
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	214,077.50
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital ...	\$2,648,872.46
Unrestricted capital ..	399,586.82
	<b>\$3,048,459.28</b>
	<b>\$3,852,291.09</b>

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant



ous offers made by Then and Nowers to furnish copies of now-treasured pictures to veterans who write to our contributors. First directing your attention to the picture at the bottom of page 34, we present another such offer that came from Fred P. Kirschner, member of North Shore Post of the Legion since 1919, a realtor and builder of 1505 West Morse Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, who was a 1st Lieutenant, Ordnance Corps,



### "Sharpen your spurs, General?"

serving as Armament Officer of the 24th Aero Squadron, during our World War:

"I am pleased to submit a photograph of the officers of the 24th Aero Squadron, 1st Army Observation Group, taken at Vavincourt, France, on November 12, 1918—the day after the Armistice. That significant time possibly accounts for the many absentees from the group.

"The plane in the background was a French Salomon, the front gun of which was a British Vickers for the pilot's use. Twin Lewis (American) guns were in the rear for the observers.

"It was my honor and privilege to serve as armament officer of this squadron and should any of the men in the photograph write to me, I shall be pleased to send a copy of this picture, together with a roster and history of the squadron.

"In the group we find at the extreme left, rear row, Captain Spessard L. Holland, now Governor of Florida.

"Goodfellow Field, San Angelo, Texas, is named after 1st Lieutenant John J. Goodfellow, a pilot of the 24th Squadron, killed in action September 14, 1918.

"We airmen had our trials and tribulations, too. At the conclusion of the St. Mihiel Offensive, our commanding officer, Captain Maury Hill, directed me to take five trucks and all of the aerial armament from the aerodrome at Gondreville, our base for that drive, over to Vavincourt, south of Verdun, where we based for the Meuse-Argonne Offensive. We set out about six o'clock in the evening and during our trip one of the FWD trucks in which were my personal belongings, broke down, and some of my stuff is still in France.

"We arrived in Vavincourt at three o'clock in the morning and found the village filled with American infantrymen. I got hold of the major-de-cantonment and told him I had about ten men for whom I wanted quarters for the night, as the weather was anything but warm. My French was not so good and his English was worse, and with many shrugs and gestures he told me that inasmuch as the town was already full of Americans he could not squeeze in any more. We finally salvaged some stoves and the men slept in the hangars the rest of the night.

"I told him I had no desire to sit up all night, and asked if he could find any place for me. He finally located what was supposed to be a room—with the cows, chickens, pigs, geese, etc. Being all in, I did not argue. You can imagine how I felt toward that billeting officer next morning when I awakened and found that where the army underwear is wont to part in the middle, was as beautiful a belt of bedbug bites on my body as you can picture. I was glad to say good-bye to that particular billet.

"I also recall that Captain Holland (now Florida's Governor) was and is a great hunter and sportsman. After the Armistice he went to Paris and bought a beautiful shotgun and as I was armament officer, he suggested we go out quail hunting. Not being able to find a shotgun in the squadron armament, I armed myself with a .45 service automatic. The captain brought back several quail, but you can imagine how much game fell to the uncertain aim of my trusty .45!

"Trust that publication of the picture will bring me many letters. I have tried

to re-establish liaison with the old squadron members, writing to them at addresses that appear in a twenty-five-year-old roster, and I think I was lucky to get thirteen responses. Perhaps after we win this present war, the old 24th Squadron men might be able to stage a reunion. In the meantime, we can carry on a letter reunion."

**L**OST and Found items every so often get a chance to appear in this crowded bulletin board of The Company Clerk, and we're glad to pass on a few more cases which we hope will result in the original owners of wartime mementoes being located, so their prized souvenirs may be returned to them.

### Attention!

Item No. 1—A letter from Harold A. Atkinson, care of the Division of Forestry, Box X, Felton, California:

"I have in my possession an army canteen that was used while I was working with the Blister Rust Control. I opened up the case one day—that is, took off the canvas cover—and found the following carved on the canteen: 'Pvt. Joe Masse, #1897749, Grand Pré, St. Juvin, Oct. 27, 1918.' On the back of the canteen is engraved a cross with the word 'March' above it, and the name 'Masse' below.

"Maybe this soldier is still on the active list and would like to know what happened to his canteen. If he would like to recover it, he can write to me."

Item No. 2—R. C. Ashenhurst of 54 Diamond Street, Little Falls, New York, has this to report:

"For some time past I have noticed in the Then and Now Department that various individuals seek to reunite vet-



"Sorry I punched the ace in your sleeve—I thought it was your commutation ticket."



erans with war souvenirs owned by those veterans at one time.

"For a long time I have had such a souvenir which I should like to restore to its owner—if he is still in the land of the living. It is a small, curved-stem briar pipe which some, at present unknown, veteran spent a long time in carving—and neat carving, at that.

"On the front of the bowl appears: Liffol-le-Grande.

"On the bottom: II-II-II 1918.

"On the side, where stem fits in: AEF L R A S 555346 (soldier's army serial number, evidently).

"Also: USA

"I assume L R A S to be the carver's initials. Should this item be seen in your columns by L R A S, I should be very glad to restore the pipe to him. I have had this article in my war relic collection some eight or nine years now, having bought it from an old man here who was very vague as to where he got it. He was not a veteran himself.

"I was not a soldier in the other World War, either, having been under age for service in 1917-18, but I have collected souvenirs of all the major wars of the United States for many years. I hope that through your Department I can reunite L R A S with his pipe."

SOME years ago, the Then and Now Gang responded with a will to several requests from disabled comrades that we broadcast in these columns. These men were still total permanent disability cases, and they appreciated deeply the interest that their more active fellow members of the Legion showed in them. One of those requests, published in March, 1935, more than seven years ago, came from William Cohn, member of Memphis (Tennessee) Post, whose home is at 63 South Cox Street in that city. He was interested particularly in getting magazines to read.

Now we again hear from Comrade Cohn and regrettably must report that his condition is no better, and he again

asks the interest of fellow Legionnaires:

"After these many years, I want again to express my appreciation for the many responses that came to my letter that was published in Then and Now. I was a gob in our World War, having served at the U. S. Naval Training Station at Great Lakes, Illinois—in Camp Paul Jones, Company A, 12th Regiment—from February 28, 1918, until October 6, 1919.

"While on duty on March 3, 1919, I contracted a severe case of the flu. I entered the hospital, remained on the sick list for 167 days, and then received a medical discharge. From the effects of the flu, I contracted arthritis and lung trouble, and was a patient in veterans' hospitals from 1920 to 1925. I am still totally disabled with arthritis of the hips, knee joints and back, and am confined to a wheel chair. I spend my time reading, writing and building up my collection of medals and stamps.

"To my hobby of collecting stamps, I have added that of collecting Legion convention badges or medals—Department or National—and if some of the boys would send me some, I'd be mighty happy.

"Perhaps some of my former gob comrades could also tell me where I can secure back issues of *Our Navy*, *The Fleet Review*, and other Navy publications."

THE men in the present armed forces seem to feel the same urge to get married that men of our time did—and no doubt many unusual weddings are occurring, just as the one reported by Legionnaire Stanley G. Hawk of 322 Parke Street, Pittston, Pennsylvania, in the following letter we received:

"Reading of the many service marriages that are taking place today, recalled to me a wedding during our war-time that rates high in novelty. During the summer of 1918, a girl appeared before a Baptist minister in Petersburg, Virginia, which was about four miles



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from Camp Lee, where I was then stationed.

"The girl was armed with a marriage license but informed the Reverend F. H. Moore that the prospective bridegroom, a soldier, was in overseas' quarantine and that she was not permitted to visit him. Reverend Moore accompanied the girl back to camp and found the situation exactly as she had first reported it to him.

"At this point a lieutenant came along and turned out to be, of all the hundreds of officers in camp, one with whom the minister was acquainted. The lieutenant was asked to see what could be done in the case.

After some inquiry he reported that the officer who issued the original quarantine order had gone away and no one would take the responsibility of changing it. The minister then told the lieutenant that he would have to help to get the couple married and after some objections, the officer agreed.

"Reverend Moore told the lieutenant that he should arrange to get the soldier out where the couple could see each other—although at a distance. The lieutenant was instructed what to say to the soldier and at the point in the ceremony where the groom was to say 'I do!', the soldier was to raise his arm to indicate his acceptance.

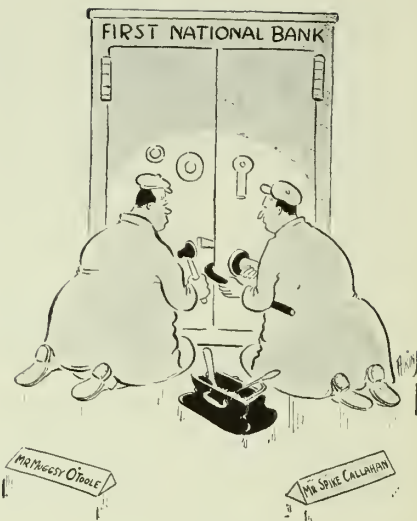
"The minister and the girl stood out in the dirt road some distance from the barracks, as the former read the marriage ritual. At the proper moment, the soldier raised his arm—a gesture which the Reverend Moore said was the most

graceful raising of an arm he had ever seen. And it developed that the bride's response was equally peculiar. She said, 'Certainly!'

"And now I'll ask what probably everyone who reads this account is asking: Did that soldier come back from the war?"

AGAIN, we have to stress the fact that the Legion National Convention to be held in Kansas City, Missouri, September 19th to 21st, will be a strictly business meeting, that none of the usual entertainment will be in order—and, particularly of interest to readers of this Outfit Notices column, that reunions of veterans outfit organizations for the first time since the Legion's first convention are being discouraged entirely. There will be no Reunions Chairman this year and no provision will be made for the holding of reunions. Such action is one of the Legion's numerous contributions to the all-important job of winning the war.

The National Association of American Balloon Corps Veterans, one of the most active and one of the strongest, based upon potential members, was literally born during the National Convention in Portland, Oregon, in 1932, and has never missed meeting with the Legion since. But following in line with other veterans societies, the Balloonatics have announced cancellation of their 1942 reunion. From Craig S. Herbert of 3333 North 18th Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, one of the daddies of the NAABCV, who may be back in uniform



when this is read, came this note: "From a vote of the Executive Committee, the Balloon Reunion for 1942 has been called off and no reunions will be held for the duration. Too bad, but it just had to be done. Let's hope that the Association can enjoy a grand Victory Reunion in, let us hope, 1943." And H. S. (Red) Resing, National Finance Officer, wrote this: "As much as we hate it, the Association will have no reunion this year—our contribution to the 100% winning-the-war program. Our official publication, *Haul Down and Ease Off*, will be continued, however, and will have to serve as our connecting link for the duration."

Cancellations of reunions which were to have been held distinct from the Legion National Convention have also been announced. F. E. Love, secretary-treasurer, Veterans 31st Railway Engineers, wrote: "On account of the war, we cancelled our reunion which was to have been held in Denver in June. A number of our members are again serving their country in the armed services. At the completion of this war, we hope to hold a Victory Reunion."

Following are announcements of reunions which will be held, along with a few announcements of cancellations. Details may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

2d DIV. ASSOC.—Reunion, Cincinnati, Ohio, Aug. 30. Vivian D. Corbly, natl. secy., P. O. Box 65, Sta. D, Cincinnati.

SOC. OF 5TH DIV.—Silver Jubilee reunion, Akron, Ohio, Sept. 5-7. Elmer Taylor, secy-treas., 2124 18th St., S. W., Akron, will furnish details and copy regimental roster.

29TH (BLUE & GRAY) DIV. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 5-7. Write Wm. C. Nicklas, 4318 Walther Av., Baltimore.

31ST (DIXIE) DIV.—Reunion dinner during Illinois Legion Conv., Peoria, Aug. 21-24. Walter A. Anderson, secy-treas., 4913 Hermitage Av., Chicago, Ill.

32d DIV. VET. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 5-6. Lester Benston, chmn., 205 Wacker Dr. Chicago.

34TH (SANDSTORM) DIV.—Annual reunion, Fort Dodge, Iowa, Oct. 10-11. Henry Hanson, pres., 667 Varden Apts., Fort Dodge.

RAINBOW DIV. VETS., PITTSBURGH CHAP.—Reunion-dinner, Keystone Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sat., Aug. 22, during Legion Dept. Conv. V. D. Fleckenstein, chmn., 1119 Warrington Av., Pittsburgh (10).

80TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—25th reunion, Pitts-



"It's a brand new army tune—we call it tramp, tramp, tramp, my dogs are barking!"



burgh, Pa., Aug. 6-9. Mark R. Byrne, natl. secy., 212 Plaza Bldg., Pittsburgh.

88TH (CLOVER LEAF) DIV.—Reunion-dinner, Waterloo, Iowa, Aug. 11, during Legion Dept. Conv. Carl Messmer, secy., Bankers Trust Co., Des Moines, Iowa.

89TH Div. Soc.—Reunion, Wichita, Kans., Sept. 5. Write Herman N. Wallis, pres., 3402 East Elm, Wichita.

89TH Div. Soc., So. CALIF. BRANCH—Annual reunion, Los Angeles, Calif., Aug. 17-19, during Legion Dept. Conv. Write Comdr. Sidney M. Schallman, 1106 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

60TH INF.—Annual reunion, Akron, Ohio, Sept. 5-7. A. L. Bradbury, 478 E. Exchange St., Akron, or Wm. Barton Bruce, 48 Ayrault St., Providence, R. I.

138TH INF.—Reunion, Battery A. Armory, Grand & Hickory St., St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 8. Harry J. Dierker, secy., 2813 Maurer, St. Louis.

314TH INF. VETS. AEF—Annual convention, Scranton, Pa., Sept. 25-27. G. E. Hentschel, secy., 1845 Champlott Av., Philadelphia. Also annual Summer Family Picnic, Palisades Interstate Park, in Aug. Chas M. Stimpson, secy., 1670 Sheephead Bay Rd., Brooklyn, N. Y.

332D INF. ASSOC. (incl. 331ST F. H.)—21st annual reunion, Canton, Ohio, Sept. 5-6. A. A. Grable, secy., Canton.

353D (ALL KANSAS) INF. Soc.—25th anniversary reunion, Wichita, Kans., Sept. 5-6. For details, write John C. Hughes, secy., 829 East Avenue B, Hutchinson, Kans.

Co. F, 311TH INF.—Reunion announced for Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 19, postponed for duration. H. W. Fickenschier, 57 Cambridge Av., Buffalo.

Co. A, 356TH INF. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Wanger home, 504 N. Noyes Blvd., St. Joseph, Mo., Nov. 11. C. R. Byland, pres., Bellevue, Ia.

3D PIONEER INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 6. Joel T. Johnson, secy., 411 Essex Bldg., Minneapolis.

51ST PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—19th reunion, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Sept. 13. John Y. Buckley, Vassar Road, Wappingers Falls, N. Y.

52D PIONEER INF. AEF—Annual reunion, Hotel Governor Clinton, New York City, Nov. 14. Edw. J. Pollak, 331 Tecumseh Av., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

56TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—11th reunion, Smithfield, N. C., Aug. 1-2. James K. Dunn, secy., 723 Eleventh St., New Brighton, Pa.

139TH F. A.—21st reunion, Funkhauser Post (A. L.) Home, Evansville, Ind., Oct. 3-4. Floyd Anderson, secy., Elizabethtown, Ind.

Hq. Co., 334TH F. A.—Reunion in Minneapolis this summer has been cancelled. Write Frank Suddock, chmn., Emporia, Kans.

BTRY. B, 3D F. A.—Reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 20-21, with Legion Dept. Conv. Paul K. Fuhrman, 525 E. Walnut St., Hanover, Pa.

56TH REGT., C.A.C.—Reunion, Milford, Conn., Sept. 6. Fred M. Platt, 64 Daytona Av., Devon, Conn.

NATL. AMER. R.R. TRANSP. CORPS. AEF—Reunion, Detroit, Mich., Sept. 1-3. G. J. Murray, natl. adjt., 1123½ W. Locust St., Scranton, Pa.

19TH ENGRS. (RY). ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 12. Write Francis P. Conway, 4414 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

Cos. A, B & C, 22D ENGRS.—Reunion, Peoria, Ill., Sept. 6. Julius A. Nelson, adjt., 23 E. 137th Pl., Riverdale Sta., Chicago, Ill.

26TH ENGRS., So. CALIF. BRANCH—Reunion, Los Angeles, Calif., Aug. 15. For date, write Pres. Alvah B. Dean, 2022 W. 82d St., Los Angeles, Calif.

34TH ENGRS.—14th annual reunion, Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 5-7. Geo. Remple, secy.-treas., 2523 N. Main St., Dayton.

37TH ENGRS., SAN FRAN.-OAKLAND CHAP.—Banquet-reunion, San Francisco, Calif., Nov. 14. G. J. Vernez, Room 347, Blake Block, 1121 Washington St., Oakland.

302D ENGRS.—Memorial plaque to departed comrades to be dedicated at 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th St., New York City, Tues., Aug. 18. Former officers and men of regt., and especially relatives of deceased comrades are invited. Fred A. Rupp, adjt., 28 E. 39th St., New York City.

308TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—22d reunion, Newark, Ohio, Aug. 1-2. Lee W. Staffler, secy., Sandusky, Ohio.

314TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 7. Bob Walker, secy., 2720 Ann Av., St. Louis.

319TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Los Angeles, Calif., in Aug. For date and for entry of name in 1942 roster, write Kenneth Thomson, 218 Central Bank Bldg., Oakland, Calif.

Cos. A, B & C, 320TH F. S. BN.—Reunion, San Francisco, Calif., Nov. 14. A. W. Ward, Rm. 312, 564 Market St., San Francisco.

322D F. S. BN.—For roster, write J. Merkelbach, 1530 44th Av., San Francisco, Calif.; No. Calif. reunion, San Francisco, Nov. 7. Dr. John P. O'Brien, Flood Bldg., San Francisco; So. Calif. reunion, Los Angeles, Nov. 11. David C. Levenson, Arcade Bldg., Los Angeles.

113TH MOTOR SUP. TRN., AEF—Reunion, Noblesville, Ind., Oct. 4. Virgil H. Smith, 58 Chicago St., Valparaiso, Ind.

AEF SIBERIA VETS., So. CALIF.—Reunion, Los Angeles, Aug. 17-19, with Legion Dept. Conv. L. A. McQuiddy, natl. adjt., 1112½ Menlo Av., Los Angeles.

BASE HOSP. 1 (BELLEVUE), VICHY—Illustrated history recently published. \$2.50. Dr. Anna Tjomsland, 821 Bergen Av., Jersey City, N. J.

BASE HOSP. 116—24th annual reunion, McAlpin Hotel, New York City, Sat., Nov. 14. Dr. Frederick C. Freed, 59 E. 54th St., New York.

MED. DEPT., BASE HOSP. TRNG. CENTER, CAMP LEE—Annual reunion, Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 9. H. W. Colston, secy., 1357 New York Av., N. E., Washington, D. C.

118TH AMB. Co.—Reunion, Canton, N. C., Aug. 6-7. Mrs. Chas. Mease, secy., Canton.

NAVY CLUB OF MISSOURI—3d annual reunion-breakfast, St. Louis, Sept. 7. Neal Capaldo, skipper, 5641 Clemens Av., St. Louis.

NORTH SEA MINE FORCE ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Hotel New Yorker, New York City, Oct. 9-11. Write J. Frank Burke, natl. secy., 3 Bangor Rd., West Roxbury, Mass. For membership Pacific Coast Chap., write Jimmie Gee, 1626 Illinois St., Vallejo, Calif.

U. S. S. Burrows W. W. Assoc.—Reunion-dinner, New York City, Oct. 11. P. E. Cocchi, secy., 25 Malden St., Springfield, Mass.

NATL. Otranto-Kashmir Assoc.—Annual reunion, Davenport, Iowa, Oct. 4. A. H. Telford, secy., 124 E. Simmons St., Galesburg, Ill.

U. S. S. Utah—Proposed reunion of crew. Chas. W. Emery, 76 Elm St., Waterville, Maine.

Copy of Military Medals and Insignia of the U. S. may be obtained from J. McDowell Morgan, 723½ Porter St., Glendale, Calif.

UTILITIES DET., CAMP DODGE—Annual reunion, Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 10. Ray H. Luther, comdr., 5317 Park Av., Minneapolis.

JOHN J. NOLL  
The Company Clerk

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"Quick, Marge—the net!"



**C**OMMANDER John L. Padgett of Honolulu Post writes: "I believe the entire population of Hawaii is in better health and getting more sleep than ever before, but I have never eaten so much rabbit food in all my life. I made my secretary a bouquet of vegetables and she sat right down and ate it up."

"I really am well fed," P. S.'s the secretary, "but the vegetables were irresistible."

**H**ERMANN A. WENIGE, Service Officer at Lawrence Capehart Post, Jeffersonville, Indiana, reports that a corporal sped through traffic in a small town near Fort Knox. He kept looking from side to side and back of him. Finally a local cop waved him to the curb.

"All right, soldier," he barked. "Where's the Japs?"

"Japs my eye!" howled the corporal. "What I want to know is, where's that sergeant and sidecar I started out with!"

**J**ING JOHNSON of George A. Amole Post, Pottstown, Pennsylvania, tells one about the bird who wouldn't join up with the auxiliary police because he wouldn't be mixed up in any outfit that women belonged to.

**J**UDGE: "Do you want this court to understand that you refuse to renew your dog license?"

Defendant: "Yassah, but Ah—"

Judge: "We want no buts or any other excuse. You either renew that license or pay a fine. You knew it expired on the first day of January."

Defendant: "Yassah, an' so did mah dog!"

**L**EGIONNAIRE John Barry of Petros, Tennessee, got a chuckle out of the story about the soldier who went into a barber shop to get a haircut. While the barber was snipping away a dog sat by the chair watching the proceedings with an intent, hungry expression on his homely face.

"Your dog likes to watch you work," commented the soldier.

"No, 'tain't that, exactly," explained the barber. "But once in a while I snip off a piece of ear!"

**Y**OUNG Billy Schwartz of Charleston, South Carolina, eleven-year-old son of William D. Schwartz, Jr., long-time member of the National Americanism Commission, is torn between his love of music and filial loyalty. He discussed the matter with his father, who advised him to continue music as an avocation, but to take his place in the father's insurance office as a means of livelihood.

"Billy," asked a visitor, "what are you going to do when you grow up?"

"Work," was the laconic response.

"Yes, of course," the visitor agreed.

"But what kind of work?"

"I'll go into the insurance business,"

Billy explained in a confidential sort of

# BURSTS ONE MAN'S BURST IS AND DUDS ANOTHER MAN'S DUD



"How's my meal ticket this morning?"

way, "until my dad dies—then I'll get me an orchestra."

**A**REMINDER chalked up on the daily suggestion board at the Riley Cafe, Indianapolis: "Mary had a little lamb. What'll you have?"

**L**EGIONNAIRE Joseph A. Stegner of Mobile, Alabama, says that recently it became necessary to take his seven-year-old son to a meeting of the Red Cross first-aid class. The instructor began with treatment of burns.

"We will classify burns in three classes," he said. "First, heat burns; second, electrical burns, and third, chemical burns."



"Ah! Good morning, Nero!"

The youngster punched his mother in the ribs. "Say," he complained in a rather hurt tone, "that man forgot Bob Burns!"

**M**OSE had been wounded in the First World War. Though apparently recovered, he still complained of a "misery" in his back. Believing that the disability was being used as a convenient excuse to get out of heavy work, his employer said: "Mose, why don't you forget your misery? Don't you know that pain is mostly in the mind?"

"Yas, suh, I know dat well enough," agreed Mose, "but that there shrapnel didn't hit me in the mind. It hit me in de back!"

**"UNCLE JAKE,"** says a Luther, Michigan, burst and dudder, "is so darn-blasted lazy he won't even bother to make regular coffee. He just sprinkles coffee into his moustache and drinks hot water."

**L**EGIONNAIRE Joseph A. Lombardi of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, says that once while taking a Sunday walk with a party of friends they crossed a farm well stocked with poultry. The party stopped to admire the chickens and began to ask

questions about them. After discussing strain, time required to mature, marketing, laying age and other pertinent points of nenology, one of the party asked how one could distinguish a young hen from an old one.

"By the teeth," came the farmer's quick reply.

"Don't kid me, Reuben," snorted the questioner. "Hens don't have teeth."

"I know that, wise guy," said the farmer. "But I do!"

**"IT MIGHT** interest you to know," writes Legionnaire John L. Ward of Ord, Nebraska, that this town has just two Spanish-American War veterans, and their names are Kit Carson and Jesse James."

**T**HE minister had just said the words that made a blushing young damsel and a not so young man husband and wife. He sat down and began to fill out a marriage certificate. "While you're writing," said the bridegroom, "you might just as well sign this paper. It's my will. I'm going to an army camp tomorrow and I want to fix up my affairs. I believe in taking care of my people, so I'm leaving the most to my wife—all my property to my mother and all my debts to my wife."

The American Legion Magazine will pay one dollar for each joke accepted for Bursts and Duds. Address Bursts and Duds, The American Legion Magazine, 15 West 48th Street, New York City. Don't send postage, as no jokes will be returned.





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And skyrocketing aircraft production has been no picnic. Faced with a backlog which increased 40 times in five years, the aircraft industry has had to coordinate the flow of thousands of accessories and materials. Hundreds of thousands of workers have had to be relocated and housed, and trained in a brand new industry. Modern tools had to be provided.

Still the world has never before witnessed the miracle which the aircraft industry is performing. It's phenomenal. Actual figures can't be mentioned, of course, but we can say that America's aircraft is win-

ning the most critical battle ever fought on factory floors.

We can't help thinking about the great change that will take place in Aviation when Peace returns. In meeting today's life or death responsibility the aircraft makers are building a new industry, with a noble destiny in public service.

And when that day arrives, we can safely leave the job in the hands of the men who already have blazed a wide trail through Man's last frontier—the sky.

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